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AN APPALLING DISASTER.

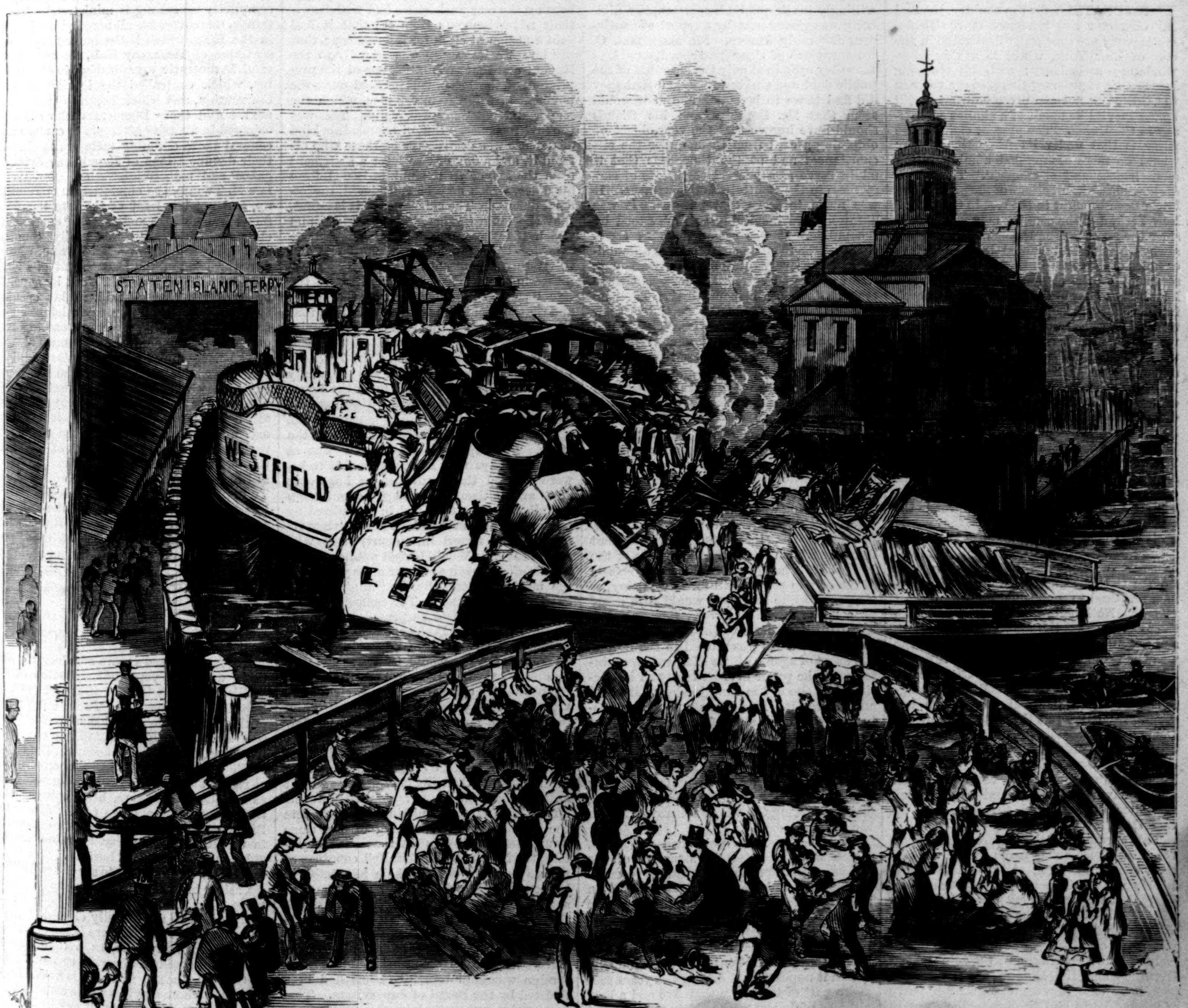
About half past one o'clock Sunday afternoon, July 30, the Staten Island ferry-boat *Westfield* was lying quietly in her slip at the foot of Whitehall Street, New York. Over four hundred souls were on board, lured by the delightful weather from their crowded homes to breathe the pure sea air and enjoy the grass and shade of the uncontaminated country. Every thing was in readiness for the start. The captain was at his post, the engineer was on his way to the engine-room, men were standing ready to unhook the chains, when suddenly there came a terrible crash, and in an instant the steamer was a wreck. The huge boiler had exploded. Those who witnessed the disaster say that there was first a dull, crunching sound, somewhat like that made by the fall of a large building, followed immediately by the sharp hiss of escaping steam. The main-deck was forced upward for a considerable distance; the beams and planks were torn into fragments. Many of them were thrown high into the air, and fell back a confused mass into the hold. The pilot-house, which was directly over the boiler, was hurled into the air to a great height, and, falling back upon the hurricane deck, was shattered to pieces. The pilot was in the house, and yet, strange to say, aside from a few severe scratches and contusions and a severe shock, escaped unhurt. He could scarcely believe that he was not mortally injured as he crawled from the ruins and saw the havoc and desolation that had been made. The heavy smoke-stack was also blown high in the air, and fell into the general wreck. The escaping steam filled the boat, and many were scalded who would have otherwise escaped unhurt.

The part of the boiler which gave way was opposite the fire-box, and toward the bow of the boat. Such was the force of the explosion that a piece of the upper half of the shell of the boiler, twenty feet in length, and weighing over two tons, was hurled forward a distance of twenty-five feet, and lodged in the bow. The fracture apparently started at a place where the boiler was patched to cover a defect.

A majority of the passengers were collected on the main-deck directly over the boiler. These were blown into the air to the height of thirty or forty feet, falling back into the wreck or into the water. Happy those who died instantly! Scores of men, women, and children who escaped the full force of the explosion were immediately enveloped in a scalding cloud of steam. The scene on the boat was harrowing. Groans and loud screams of agony came from the scalded, wounded, and dying. Parents were eagerly seeking for children, children for parents, friends for friends. Many in their panic leaped overboard, some were rescued by boats that surrounded the wreck, while others sank at once, and were drowned.

The Police and Fire departments were called upon for assistance, and at once furnished men and means to convey to the hospitals such sufferers as could be moved. A pitiable sight they presented when brought upon the docks. Many had the skin almost entirely scalded from the face, neck, and breast. Others had lost portions of their hair, from the scalp being literally parboiled and peeling off. Others were covered with ghastly wounds, and all were begrimed with soot and dust. As fast as possible the sufferers were removed to the hospitals, where the utmost that surgical skill could do was done to relieve them. In spite of every attention, many died after their removal. The number of the victims has not been fully ascertained. It is thought that between forty and fifty were killed outright, and that the list of fatalities may be swelled to a hundred by deaths in the hospitals.

The cause of the explosion has not been ascertained. Various surmises are afloat in regard to it. Only two months ago the United States inspector of boilers examined the boiler of the *Westfield* and pronounced it safe. The engineer, a colored man, is said to be capable and trustworthy. He states that just before the explosion took place he found the water in the boiler all right, and the steam-gauge indicating a pressure of twenty-seven pounds. A fragment of the boiler picked up on the dock was pronounced by good judges to be unsound iron. It was taken to police head-quarters, to be produced before the coroner's jury, when the questions of cause and responsibility will be fully inquired into. The jury will be composed of business men and practical mechanics, able to render an intelligent verdict, and to place the blame for this sad calamity where it belongs.



THE STATEN ISLAND FERRY-BOAT DISASTER—THE "WESTFIELD" IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE EXPLOSION.

[Sketched from the Hurricane-Deck of the "Northfield" by W. Long Palin.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Saturday, August 12, 1871.

A NEW STORY BY WILKIE COLLINS.

In a few days we shall commence the publication, in the Weekly, of the new serial story,

"POOR MISS FINCH,"
BY
WILKIE COLLINS,
Author of "The Woman in White," "The Moonstone," "Man and Wife," etc.

Mr. Collins stands in the foremost rank of living novelists, and the present story, which will be printed from advance sheets, is one of the most brilliant and fascinating efforts of his genius.

☞ *In the splendid* SUPPLEMENT *received with this Number of* Harper's Weekly *our readers will find two admirable stories of exceptional interest, one, entitled*

The Zoophyte's Revenge,

by Miss Braddon, *author of* "Lady Audley's Secret," *etc.; the other a tragic love-tale of* The Black Forest. *The other features of the* Supplement *are a fine full-page cartoon,* "William the Conqueror seizing the Reins of Power," *a piece of ancient history with a modern application; a beautiful Country Picture, showing a group of boys playing with a sun-glass; a portrait of* Judge Dibble, *of New Orleans, etc.*

FALSE PRETENSES.

FORTUNATELY for the country, the real character and tendency of the Democratic party are constantly illustrated in the city of New York, where it has an overwhelming ascendency; and, by studying Democratic supremacy there, every voter in the United States can perceive what would be the inevitable result of a similar supremacy in the Union. The present claim of the party is that under its protection liberty would be more secure, and administration more honest and economical. These two declarations, like all others of the party, have lately been brought to the test in the city of New York, and the country may wisely consider the result. The Democratic party has always instinctively allied itself with the enemies of liberty. Formerly it was the instrument of the slave-holding aristocracy. Now it is the ally of the only political Church in the country, whose principles are as fatal to freedom as those of the slave-holders, and which has already laid its destructive hand upon the citadel of the republic, the common school system. The fact of this perilous alliance has been often asserted. In the State of New York it has been well known; but in other parts of the country it has seemed, at least, somewhat exaggerated.

But recent events have lifted the veil. The country has now seen the Democratic authorities of the city surrendering to a threat of its allies the fundamental rights of American citizens. Those authorities forbade the Orangemen to parade, not because they would obstruct the streets, but because the Hibernians threatened to attack them. And the Hibernians threatened because they were Roman Catholics, and because the Orangemen proposed to commemorate a Protestant victory. Nothing is more disingenuous than the assertion that the difference is political, and not religious. The battle of the Boyne was the result of the attempt of James the Second to restore the Roman Catholic ascendency in his kingdom; and it is a religious and not a political feud which has sprung from it. But the abjectness of the Democratic surrender appears when any intelligent man asks himself whether a procession of Roman Catholics to favor the Pope's restoration to his temporal power would have been suppressed if an Italian republican society had threatened to attack it.

This surrender of the plainest rights upon the most conspicuous scene in the country shows the kind of regard for constitutional liberty which characterizes the Democratic party. It respects liberty now as it respected it when fomenting mobs to break up anti-slavery meetings. And if, twenty and thirty years ago, constitutional rights were peculiarly safe in the charge of Captain Isaiah Rynders and the Empire Club, they are peculiarly safe now in charge of a party of whose spirit and traditions the Captain and his club were the most significant symbols.

But while the mask of regard for constitutional rights has thus been stripped from the Democratic party by the inexorable conditions of its political Roman Catholic alliance, not less striking has been the late exposure of its claims to greater honesty and economy of administration. This exposure has been so signal and confounding, and its significance is so important, that we consider it at length in another article. The facts will remind all honest men that a party which, ten years ago, was but a conspiracy against liberty, carrying its measures by the utmost demoralization of the public mind, now led by many of the same chiefs, is substantially an unchanged party, whose professions of liberty and honesty and economy deserve as much consideration as when its last Secretary of the Treasury tried to ruin the credit of the country, and its last Secretary of War tried to arm the assassins of the national life, and then both betook themselves to help the rebellion of slavery against the nation, because it promised to become peacefully a free republic.

THE "TIMES" AND TAMMANY.

Republicans in other States have frequently complained that, although a great deal was said about the swindles of the Democratic city government of New York, the facts were wanting. It was in vain to reply that the authorities secreted every thing, as they controlled every thing, and that the proof must be found in such facts as the vast and inexplicable riches of those associated with that government who, a few years since, were poor men, and who had pursued no business but politics. It may be truly said that there was no confidence whatever in the leaders of the city government, while it was very difficult to establish facts of which every body was morally sure.

When any circumstance became very suspicious, like the long concealment of accounts by the Controller, and it was significantly urged that if all were right he would willingly invite public inspection, the difficulty was glozed over by a report of gentlemen favorably known. Mr. Marshall O. Roberts, one of these gentlemen, now says that they examined only the accounts of the public debt and sinking fund, and that they did find those to be correct. But it would seem that Mr. Roberts and his friends should have known that the very object of obtaining a card from them, under the circumstances and at the time, was that it might serve as a general certificate of correctness in the Controller's department. It was made to serve that purpose. It was naturally and inevitably so understood by the public. It was accepted as an assertion that the suspicion of fraud was unfounded, and that every thing in the city accounts was honest and correct. Those gentlemen took an immense responsibility. Their intentions were undoubtedly good, but their action was lamentably unwise. They lulled suspicion, and papers of character, like the *Evening Post*, began to suggest that the city government was slandered, and people who saw the city parks renovated shrugged their shoulders and said, "Well, if we're cheated, we can at least see something for it."

Meanwhile the constant and unsparing denunciations in the New York *Times* of the Democratic management of the city excited universal attention. They were so pointed and suggestive, yet so relentless, that the general feeling was that the paper was either utterly reckless, or that it understood itself perfectly. That its blows told was evident from the foolish charge of the organs of the Ring that its hostility was due to the refusal of the city to pay its bill for advertising, as if a journal like the *Times* would ruin itself for a bill of fifteen or twenty thousand dollars. Still further proof of the stinging effect of its attacks was offered in the notorious effort of agents of the Ring to buy an interest in the paper in order to get an injunction from one of the Ring judges to suspend and destroy it. This attempt was completely baffled. The value of the shares in the *Times* rapidly rose; and at a greatly enhanced price a sale was made to one of the original stockholders, so that more than four-fifths of the paper are now owned by two gentlemen who have been managing partners during the whole controversy with the Ring.

At last the *Times* published the facts, which were as utterly destructive of the claims of Democratic management to superior honesty and economy of administration as the Democratic surrender to the threat of a mob had been of its professions of regard for constitutional liberty. In successive issues the *Times* laid before the public literal copies of the Controller's accounts, by which it appears that during the years 1869 and a part of 1870 more than five and a half millions of dollars were paid to certain firms for furniture, carpenter-work, and carpeting for the new Court-house and for certain militia armories. The bill of one plasterer for work during a part of two months was nearly a million of dollars, and for "repairs" of county buildings during two days in the winter he received one hundred and thirty-three thousand one hundred and eighty-seven dollars and twenty cents; while for two years the bill for plastering was nearly three millions of dollars. For furniture, "fittings up," etc., in the new Court-house alone during two years, more than seventeen hundred thousand dollars were paid to one firm. For another month's carpenter-work in the same Court-house, in one of the same years, more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars were paid to another carpenter. And reckoning carpets at five dollars a yard, the city authorities have paid money enough for carpeting in the new Court-house alone to have covered the whole City Hall Park three times over.

These are but examples of the details of these astounding frauds; and the exposure was too overwhelming to be borne with the silence of affected contempt. There were the names, the dates, the details, the figures. If they were false, the *Times* was ruined. Its judgment and its veracity could never again be trusted. If they were true, what was the explanation? Now the country will observe that the accuracy of these enormous figures has not been denied! The *Times* charges that millions of dollars have been stolen from the tax-payers under pretense of paying for work done, and the Tammany Ring does not deny it. The *Times* calmly says that it accuses the authorities of theft. It invites a suit for libel. It asks only for the most solemn and public opportunity of proving the city authorities to be swindlers, and those authorities, up to the time of this writing, have neither denied the truth of the fatal figures nor summoned the *Times* to prove its assertions in court.

The Mayor, in a paper to which he is understood to contribute, jauntily denied that he and the Controller were guilty. He then asserted that the *Times* made the charges because the city authorities had withdrawn their advertisements from it; that it had paid a dishonest clerk for information; that the late Mr. Raymond was friendly to the Mayor; and that Mr. Jones, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, had insisted upon the payment of a bill from the city, which the Mayor did not deny was valid. This was the first response. But, of course, this kind of defense was destructive of those who offered it, and a day or two later a statement from the Mayor to the public issued from his office, which may be considered the official defense. The substance of it is—first, that the claims exposed by the *Times*, and which the Mayor admits "may have been exorbitant" (as, for instance, a hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars for two days' plastering in winter), were audited by the late Board of Supervisors; and the Mayor and the Counsel for the Corporation hold that that audit was final, and that the Mayor's signature was merely ministerial; and second, that one of the proprietors of the *Times*, by his action to recover his own bill, really opened the doors to inroads upon the Treasury, and, if there has been swindling, has only himself to blame.

This defense is as foolish and futile as the other. For suppose that the law was as the Mayor says that he understood it to be, were he and the Controller, as honorable men and citizens, obliged to countersign swindles because they had been audited by a Board of Supervisors? Couldn't they refuse, and, if forced into court, state why they refused? Would honest public officers, month after month and year after year, abet the most monstrous frauds "ministerially" or in any other way? The enormity of the accusation is almost surpassed by the incredible defense. Besides, one of the chief members of the Board of Supervisors, upon whom the Mayor would throw the blame, was Mr. Tweed. If any body knew the "exorbitant" character of the claims, he knew it. And yet the Mayor appointed him to the most responsible place in the new city government. Again, more than five millions of dollars were paid to satisfy the "exorbitant" claims of Mr. Ingersoll for furnishing the County Court-house, and last autumn the same Mayor appointed the same Mr. Ingersoll a commissioner to complete the finishing and furnishing of the same Court-house. By his own account, therefore, the Mayor "ministerially" connives at the payment of claims which he admits to be exorbitant, and then appoints the persons who make them to positions in which they can make others. What kind of defense is this?

But the law is not what the Mayor describes it to be. He was *not* bound to countersign warrants because claims had been audited by the Board of Supervisors. That very point was raised in the case of the people against Wood, and the General Term of the Supreme Court expressly held that the very object of empowering the Mayor to sign a warrant was the defense of the treasury, and that his duty was to inform himself in regard to a claim, and to countersign or refuse as he might deem proper after investigation. The words of the Court are final and fatal against the "ministerial" theory of the Mayor. This decision is familiar, and is, of course, known to the Mayor, who is a lawyer. Why, then, did he countersign claims which he calls "exorbitant"—a word which, under the circumstances, means fraudulent? If the law were as he understood it, he was not bound as an honest man to countersign the warrants. If it were not as he understood it, he was not bound as Mayor to countersign them. But he did countersign them, and confesses that he thought the claims "exorbitant."

The Mayor's second point of defense is that the publisher of the *Times* himself opened the door of the treasury to fraudulent claims. But how? The Legislature passed a law authorizing the Controller to adjust certain claims. The Corporation Counsel advised the Controller that the courts had decided such an act to be mandatory. But when the *Times* presented its bill, which was not disputed, and asked that it be settled, the Controller stated that he and the Governor had decided that the law which ordered a settlement should be annulled! And upon this absurd assumption, that the Governor and Controller could by agreement absolve a public officer from a duty imposed by law, the Controller actually refused to pay the honest demand of the *Times*. And as the courts, when invoked, compelled him to pay it, the Mayor gravely asserts that as he was obliged to pay a just debt, he was also obliged to connive at frauds; and, consequently, that the person who compelled the just payment is really responsible for the swindles!

And this is the defense which the city authorities offer to the withering revelations of enormous frauds upon the public treasury. These frauds, it will be remembered, are not denied. The authorities merely excuse their complicity by calling it ministerial. These frauds, moreover, are all accomplished within the Ring, which is the immediate representative of Tammany Hall, the most powerful Democratic organization in the country, which controlled the last Democratic Convention, and which hopes to control the next. And those Democrats who are now engaged in abortive attempts to confuse and conceal these damning facts are loudest in their denunciations of Republican extravagance and maladministration. Mr. William M. Tweed, the chief sachem of Tammany, and not the least of the late Board of Supervisors, which audited the "exorbitant" claims which were "ministerially" countersigned by the Mayor—Mr. Tweed, who is now the head of the Department of Public Works in the city of New York by appointment of the Mayor—said, in his opening speech at the late Tammany celebration of the Fourth of July, "We propose to carry on a strictly economical government!"

The party under whose auspices millions of dollars have been stolen from the treasury of the city of New York is anxious to administer the national government economically! The party which was the tool of slavery, and which surrenders the rights of peaceful citizens to the threat of a Roman Catholic mob, desires to rescue constitutional liberty from those who, according to Mr. Tweed, "are betraying it." In its relentless and crushing exposures of the economy and honesty of the Tammany Ring, whose chief announces that he and his friends "propose to carry on a strictly economical government," the New York *Times* has done a national service.

IN THE REPUBLICAN CAMP.

Every day shows more conclusively that there would be very little question of Republican success in 1872 if it were not for Republican dissensions. The new departure of the Democratic party has ludicrously failed. Like an oath of Falstaff's to purge and live cleanly, it provokes a smile. The Democratic professions of regard for constitutional rights and administrative economy have, as we show elsewhere, been brought to a tremendous test, and are totally dissipated. But meanwhile there are certain differences in the Republican party, and they are the only clouds upon the horizon. There are those who would prefer to see General Grant set aside, but they have no one to offer to replace him. To say that any body in the party could be more easily elected seems to us to be mere folly. There is nobody in the Republican party who, as a candidate for President, could poll nearly so many votes as General Grant; for there is no one in the party for whose services to the country there is a more general feeling of gratitude, or in whose practical sagacity and honest purpose there is more general confidence. These, with the undeniable success of his administration in relieving the domestic public burden and in the honorable settlement of foreign difficulties, plainly designate him as the Republican candidate.

There are, indeed, powerful Republican leaders, like Mr. Schurz at the West, and Mr. Sumner at the East, who are strongly opposed to the renomination of General Grant. Their influence, directly or indirectly, will probably be cast against him in the Convention. Should it prevail, another candidate, who can not now be surmised, would be presented. Should it fail, and General Grant be fairly nominated, we believe that, however reluctantly, both those gentlemen would co-operate with their party, upon this ground, if no other, that Republican success, even with a candidate not of their choice, is essential to the welfare of the country. For it is not conceivable that either of these gentlemen would hold that the nomination of General Grant by the Republican party would prove that party to be as unworthy as the Democratic of the confidence and support of original Republicans.

The differences to which we alluded, however, are of another kind. They are such as are too familiar in the State of New York, and they spring from patronage. In this State, indeed, they will, as we have formerly remarked, probably contest the Convention in the autumn; and as Senator Fenton is regarded as the leader of the anti-Grant feeling in New York, his late speech at Niagara was read with curiosity and interest. The significant sentences of the speech were two: that in which the Senator says that he sincerely desires the harmony and union which come "from a just recognition of all Republicans;" and that in which he says that it behooves Republicans every where, "the highest official in the land" not less than the humblest member of the party, to act with magnanimity and generosity toward all.

This will be understood in New York to mean that the President ought not to slight Senator Fenton's friends, and it is another illustration of the lamentable condition to which patronage has reduced our politics. Senator Fenton speaks according to the tradition, which has become almost a principle, that the national patronage in a State is to be equally divided between the friends or following of the two Senators—a custom which explains the remark of a Senator that he and his colleague were almost the only friendly colleagues in the Chamber. It is a custom which inevitably splits a party. When Senator Fenton was Governor he probably found it very difficult to cultivate that harmony and union which come "from a just recognition of all Republicans." And was it not very difficult for the Hunker Democrat justly to recognize the Barnburner? These suggestive sentences of the Senator's speech, however, are answered, and satisfactorily, by others. There is no question that the national patronage in the State has fallen to Republicans. The national offices are not held by Democrats. There may, indeed, be severe criticism in regard to the changes that have been made; but Senator Fenton proceeded to say that the distribution of patronage is of little importance while sound and representative Republicans hold the offices, and he exhorted his friends to work hard for the party success, whatever occasion there might be for personal or official criticism.

We infer, therefore, that the Senator concedes to the President the same freedom which he as Governor exercised, and, while naturally desiring the just recognition of all Republicans, he acknowledges that the President must be allowed his preferences. But as the indulgence of those preferences has been made the cause of the party division in the State, supported by the name of Senator Fenton, the words of the Senator ought now to heal the wound. Should they prove to be that balsam, they would be the most persuasive words ever uttered in the State. Meanwhile let all Republicans reflect that it is no real objection to a Republican President, more than to a Republican Governor, that he prefers some men in his own party rather than others. Certainly it is not for such reasons that a President can be honorably condemned.

THE PUBLIC SERVICE.

The last general debate in Congress upon the reform of the civil service was upon the 3d, 4th, and 5th of May, 1870, when Mr. Jenckes reported back his bill, with a substitute. This debate is interesting as showing the spirit in which the proposition was met and the kind of objections it encountered. With the sole exception, however, of the constitutional objection which was suggested by Mr. Cox and Mr. Bingham, the hostile arguments had been much more strongly urged in previous discussions by Generals Butler and Logan among the Republicans, and by Judge Woodward, of Pennsylvania, among the Democrats. One of these objections, upon which General Butler enlarged, is perhaps the most common and popular of all. It is substantially that an examination determines nothing except a special kind of knowledge, for which "cramming" will prepare any body, that it is at best merely a test of scholarship and memory, and that it can not possibly determine moral character, nor that fitness and aptitude which are the most indispensable qualifications.

But whoever urges this as an objection forgets the most essential points of the case. It should be enough to ask in reply whether, if character and aptitude are indispensable, they can better be ascertained by chance or by inquiry? It is agreed, by all whose opinions upon the subject are to be respected, that a person to be properly qualified for the civil service should have the proper character, capacity, and aptitude. Now certainly a system which ascertains the existence of only one of these qualifications is just one-third better than the present system, which, as a rule, ascertains and aims to ascertain none whatever. We do not forget the examinations in the Treasury Department at Washington for positions there, but we speak of the service at large; and so far from an examination being a fruitless and foolish test, there can be no doubt that if no man could enter the civil service until he had satisfactorily passed an examination in decimal fractions alone, the service would be, upon the whole, more efficient and satisfactory than it is now; for a man who is versed in decimal fractions is presumptively a person of fair general education and information: at least he is not grossly ignorant. Upon the general subject of examination Mr. Mill says, in his "Representative Government," with his usual good sense, "If any education at all is useful, it must be tested by the tests most likely to show whether the candidate possesses it or not."

The very gentlemen who sneer at what they call "an intellectual examination" for an inspector or a book-keeper would not hesitate to insist upon the appointment of persons to those offices upon no other ground than that of zeal in "getting out voters" upon election day. An examination in certain branches of knowledge may not of itself alone be a wholly satisfactory method of determining who should be appointed; but such an examination is inconceivably better than the present hap-hazard system, and would of itself alone be a real reform.

Those who object to examinations are probably not aware that Congress has already provided for them in the Washington offices as long ago as 1853, and that the secretaries may always insist upon them in every case out of Washington, although, under the present system, they are not likely to do so. The law of March 3, 1853, divides the clerks resident at Washington into four classes, and enacts that no clerk shall be appointed in either class "until after he has been examined and found qualified by a board, to consist of three examiners," etc., and the present Secretary of the Treasury ordered, in July, 1870, that in his department the examinations should be in writing. The principle of examinations is thus fully recognized by Congress, as it is by common-sense, and the results of the application of it are very encouraging. But its application to the service at large is practically paralyzed, and the reason is evident. Patronage is the root of the whole system, and it is stronger than any part of it. While the tenure of office is so frail and uncertain two immediate results are inevitable—the best men, as a rule, do not seek public employment, and those who do are sorely tempted to make hay while the sun shines. Beyond these are the still greater and more menacing national perils which spring from the ferocious exasperation of party spirit consequent upon making the very livelihood of hundreds of thousands of persons dependent upon the issue of an election.

But in any scheme of examination mere general knowledge is not the only object sought. Experience, sagacity, and special training are kept constantly in view; and experiment has proved that those who pass well are generally best fitted for the positions. It is, we presume, unquestionable that the attention of most of the gentlemen in the House of Representatives who opposed Mr. Jenckes's proposition had not been closely drawn to the subject, and that they were not familiar with the character or results of a civil service system founded upon reason, and not upon patronage. Indeed, the course of their remarks shows it. They feared, for instance, that a rebel or a Democrat might find a place. But did they think that a forcible or conclusive argument? It was only a repetition of Mr. Marcy's odious declaration that to the victors belong the spoils. They merely presented the fatal evil of the present system as an argument for its continuance. The reform of the civil service is really a reform of our politics. It is the obvious way in which a practical remedy may be applied to some of the perils that most plainly menace our political system.

PERSONAL.

The sketch of James Fenimore Cooper in *Harper's Weekly* of July 29 recalls a curious and somewhat characteristic incident, showing the spirit of antagonism Mr. Cooper displayed toward every thing he deemed to be wrong. Soon after the death of President Harrison, in April, 1841, Mr. Cooper happened to be in Buffalo on a visit to his son-in-law, Mr. Phinney, the bookseller. Up to that time there had been no precedent established as to the precise title that should be assumed by a Vice-President succeeding to the Presidency. That subject was discussed by Mr. Tyler and the members of the Harrison cabinet; but Mr. Tyler promptly decided the point by assuming the title of President. Mr. Cooper made that decision the subject of an ingenious and interesting article, which was published as editorial in the Buffalo *Daily Courier*, aiming to prove that Mr. Tyler should have designated himself "Vice-President and Acting President of the United States," and not President. The article attracted wide attention, and was, we believe, one of the last ever written by Mr. Cooper for the press. The decision of Mr. Tyler established the precedent, which was afterward adopted by Mr. Fillmore on the death of President Taylor in 1850, and by Mr. Johnson, on the assassination of President Lincoln in 1865.

—In the "Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson," recently published by Harper & Brothers, is the following naive confession of his passion for music, in a letter written to a friend in Europe, in 1778: "If there is a gratification which I envy any people in this world it is to your country its music. This is the favorite passion of my soul, and fortune has cast my lot in a country where it is in a state of deplorable barbarism.... The bounds of an American fortune will not admit the indulgence of a domestic band of musicians, yet I have thought that a passion for music might be reconciled with that economy which we are obliged to observe."

—A gentleman who has been taking a personal view of General Butler, as he appeared recently in court, says that his air and manner there are "not brilliant, but clumsy and gumpish rather." He adds that "one source of General Butler's success is, he knows more, and knows better how and when to use what he knows, than many others in his line. Another source is, he despises nothing and nobody till he is done with them, and can make no more use of them."

—Mr. Charles Nordhoff, for some years past the able assistant of Mr. Bryant on the *Evening Post*, and managing editor of that paper, is understood to have joined the editorial corps of the *Times*. Mr. Nordhoff is a thoroughly trained journalist, familiar with public measures and public men, a shrewd observer, a ready, vigorous, pungent writer, and possessing in a remarkable degree the qualities required in a writer of "leaders."

—It is going the rounds of the papers that John Shipman, who died a few days ago at Springfield, Vermont, in the 100th year of his age, "had voted for every President we ever had—twice for Washington, twice for Lincoln." If Mr. Shipman voted for Washington twice, he must have voted for him in 1788, or before he was eighteen years of age. Either Mr. Shipman "voted *early* and voted often," as they do in New York, or there is some mistake in the figures.

—President Woolsey, in his fine speech to the alumni of Yale at their annual dinner, which speech he called his "dying confession," said: "I have lived as long as the Babylonian captivity of the Jews, and have served the college for as long a period as the children of Israel consumed in passing through the wilderness. I confess now that I feel as Æneas did when he thrust his prow into the shores of Italy and saluted the earth. The college has become so great that it costs more than an old man's strength to look after it."

—The Emperor and Empress of Brazil, while in London, deported themselves in the simplest manner possible, lodging plainly at a hotel, rising early—frequently as early as five o'clock—breakfasting at once, and doing all the sight-seeing of the metropolis at an early hour. They went every where, among other places to court to hear a little of the Tichborne trial. Besides being an uncommonly fine linguist and well up in science, he is one of the handsomest monarchs of the time. He is also the legitimate descendant of the three great royal houses of Europe—the Braganza, Bourbon, and Hapsburg. He was proclaimed Emperor at the age of five years, and assumed the sovereign power at fifteen. He is probably the most thoroughly educated, and certainly the most popular, of reigning sovereigns.

—Mr. Gladstone, who, in abolishing by royal warrant the system of purchasing commissions in the army, has given the aristocracy its greatest snub, and at the same time performed the greatest act of his public career, has, from the moment he completed his schooling at Eton to the present hour, been a man of mark. At Eton he mingled in none of the sports of his fellows, but devoted himself so exclusively to study that when he entered Oxford he was almost qualified to take his degree. Even then he was an accomplished debater. In college he devoted himself to the mastery of abstruse political questions and the development of that logical dexterity and the use of language which have since distinguished him. In private life he is most exemplary, but reserved, and seldom if ever jocular. His only diversion is music, in which he takes great delight. The effect of his oratory is much aided by a singularly melodious voice, capable of swelling into the grandest tones. So irreproachable is his way of life that his great rival, the late Earl of Derby, once said, "Yes, Mr. Gladstone is a most exemplary man, and without one redeeming vice!"

—Judge Spencer, of the Superior Court of this city, a wise and excellent judge, has just rendered a decision in a curious will case. The late John Alstyne, of this city, a bachelor of large fortune, just before his death devised large sums of money to various charitable institutions, among them $25,000 to the "Old Ladies' Home." As there are two institutions in this city where aged women find a home, and as neither of them has the exact name mentioned in the will—the "St. Luke's Home" and the "Home for Aged and Indigent Females"—both claimed it. A lawsuit in consequence. Judge Spencer, after a patient and thorough examination of the matter, has decided in favor of "St. Luke's Home," as Mr. Alstyne was connected with it during his life.

—Monseigneur De Guibert, Archbishop of Tours, and an able and devoted supporter of the Count de Chambord, has been appointed Archbishop of Paris. He belongs to the extreme ultramontane party—the first of that party that has, for many years, occupied that important position. His predecessors, Darboy, Sibour, and D'Affre, were all liberal Catholics; but he has always been known, both politically and religiously, as a decided reactionist. During the reign of Louis Napoleon, next to Cardinal Plantier, of Nismes, Archbishop Guibert was the leader of the French ultramontanes. As long as the Emperor seemed to favor the cause of Italy Guibert's attitude toward the imperial government was one of undisguised hostility; and he did not change his hostile tone toward the empire until Louis Napoleon ordered the second expedition to Rome, which led to the deplorable affair of Mentana. After the fall of Louis Napoleon he became an open legitimist, and it was by his order that the curious manifesto issued by the Count de Chambord was recently read from every pulpit in the archdiocese of Tours. One of the remarkable episodes of the archbishop's life was the long controversy he had with Madame George Sand, who lived at that time at Tours, in which he failed to distinguish himself. He is a man of much ability, great fearlessness, and irreproachable in his private life.

—Mr. I. C. Buckhout, engineer and superintendent of the Harlem Railroad, and associate architect of the great dépôt at Fourth Avenue and Forty-second Street, proposes to introduce into the management of trains, on their commencing to run from that edifice, several new features which will add materially to the facility and safety of travel. He proposes to uniform all the 500 employés to be employed on the road and in and about the building. The reception of trains will be arranged twenty minutes in advance of their arrival, through electric signals given automatically by the passage of the wheels over steel keys at the bridge over Harlem River. By like means red day signals, and red lights by night, will be thrown out automatically at every third street crossing in front of each passing train. By this system a much larger number of trains can be run with safety than is practicable under the present arrangement. The new dépôt will be ready for general use on the 1st of September next.

—A gentleman who within a few weeks past had the pleasure of conversing with Dr. Döllinger in his own house describes him as slender in figure and of medium height, his whole appearance commanding reverence and respect. He is past seventy, but not gray; has great amiability of manner, and does not allow his studies and labors to cloud the sprightliness of his spirits. Desiring to be as free as possible, he had ever endeavored to avoid accustoming himself to anticipated necessities. He laughingly told the story of a professional friend who would gladly have staid at home at times when he was forced to go out because his dog needed the air and exercise. And thus Döllinger has no domestic animals around him, not even a bird. Unlike most of the German professors, he neither snuffs nor smokes, and drinks neither wine nor beer; rises at 4 A.M. and retires at 9 P.M., and is exceedingly simple and regular in his meals. His house is high and airy, but his library of 30,000 volumes occupies it entirely. He pleasantly calls it his better half. His study proper is the same room in which he has labored for more than thirty years. It is not large, and, besides the books, contains but one table before a window, a black arm-chair, and in the corner a broad lounge. The walls of the study are hidden by book-cases, which reach to the ceiling, with a few simple pictures in gilt frames, and a clock, whose gentle ticking only seems to render more appreciable the calmness and quiet of the sanctuary.

—When Governor Seward was chief magistrate of New York, he was accustomed to pay a high tribute to the ability of the late Edwin Croswell, by saying, or rather asking of himself, when he wrote his messages, "What will Mr. Croswell say of *that* in the *Argus?*"

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

During the year ending June 30, 1871, the Post-office Department established 2407 new offices, and discontinued 854 offices, making a net increase in number of offices created during the year of 1555. On the 30th of June last there were 30,045 offices in the United States.

From the reports of the Department of Agriculture it appears that the crop of potatoes throughout the country will be a full average, and no rot is yet reported. There will be a short hay crop, owing to drought this season, and the bad effect on meadows of the extreme dry weather of last year. A short crop of apples is indicated in the States where they are largely grown.

The discovery is recorded of a small planet, the one hundred and fourteenth in the group of asteroids, by Professor C. H. F. Peters, of the Litchfield Observatory, Hamilton College, Utica.

On Sunday, July 23, while the Hon. J. E. Stevenson, of the Congressional committee on Southern outrages, was sitting with a friend at the dinner-table of a hotel in Yorkville, South Carolina, they were assaulted by one Major Barry, a prominent citizen. Revolvers were drawn, but Barry's friends interfered, and carried the irate major off.

FOREIGN NEWS.

A famine is causing dreadful havoc and distress in Persia. The deaths in the province of Khorassan average 300 daily, and the dead bodies of the victims are devoured by the survivors. Men, women, and children are in some cases killed for food. The plague has also appeared among the Persians, and the Turkish government has been compelled to draw a sanitary cordon along the borders of its dominions.

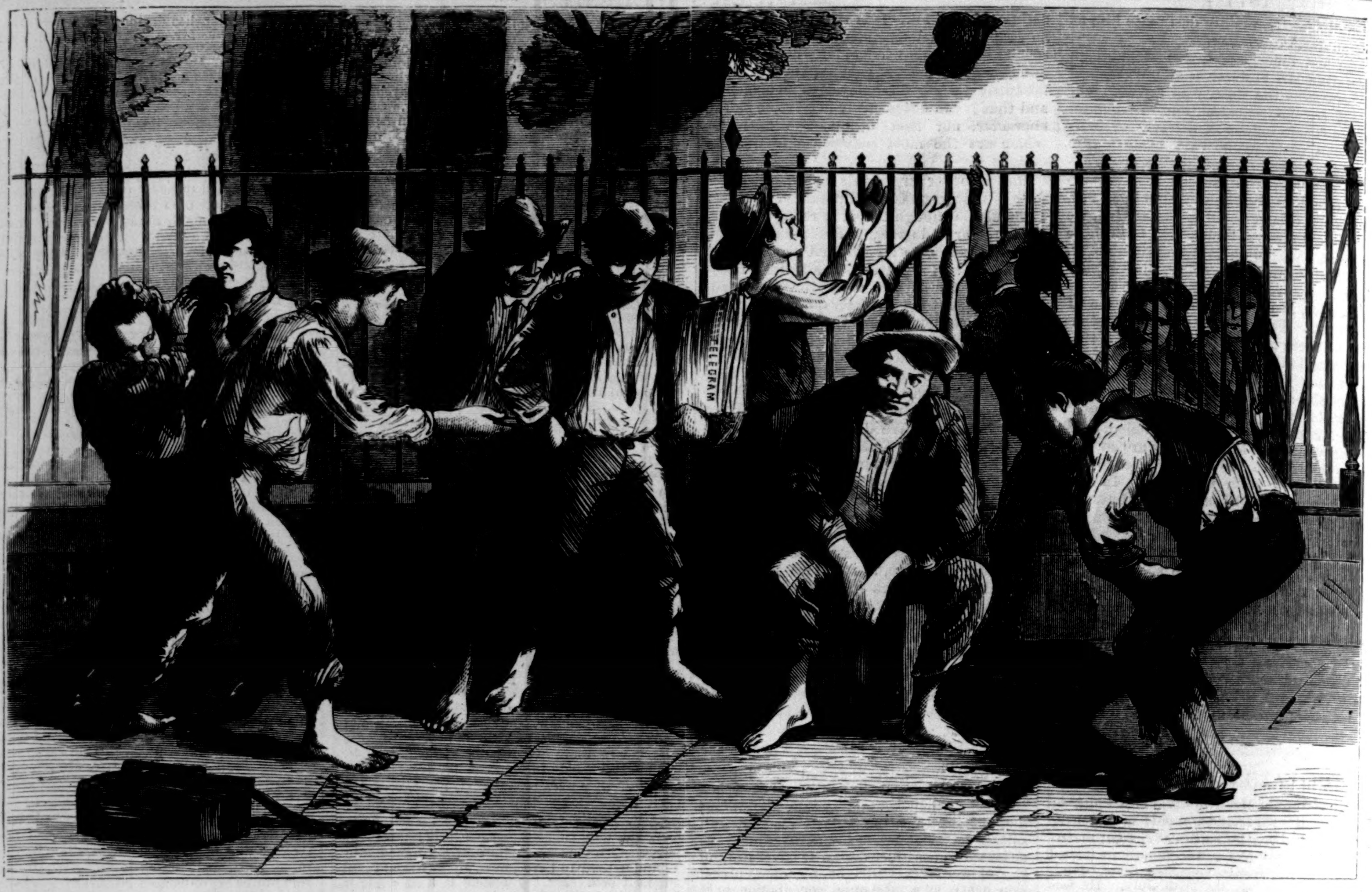
A series of terrible earthquake shocks has recently devastated one of the Philippine Islands. More than 200 persons were swallowed up by the earth. Sixty bodies had been recovered. The rest of the inhabitants fled the island.

Mr. John Slidell, the ex-rebel minister to France, died a few days since in London.

Dr. Döllinger, called the "modern Luther," has been elected rector of the University of Munich, 54 professors voting in his favor to 6 against him.

A letter of Count de Paris has been published, in which he expresses the belief that Count de Chambord will be King of France.

Great preparations have been made to receive the Prince of Wales in Ireland, where he is to make quite an extensive tour.



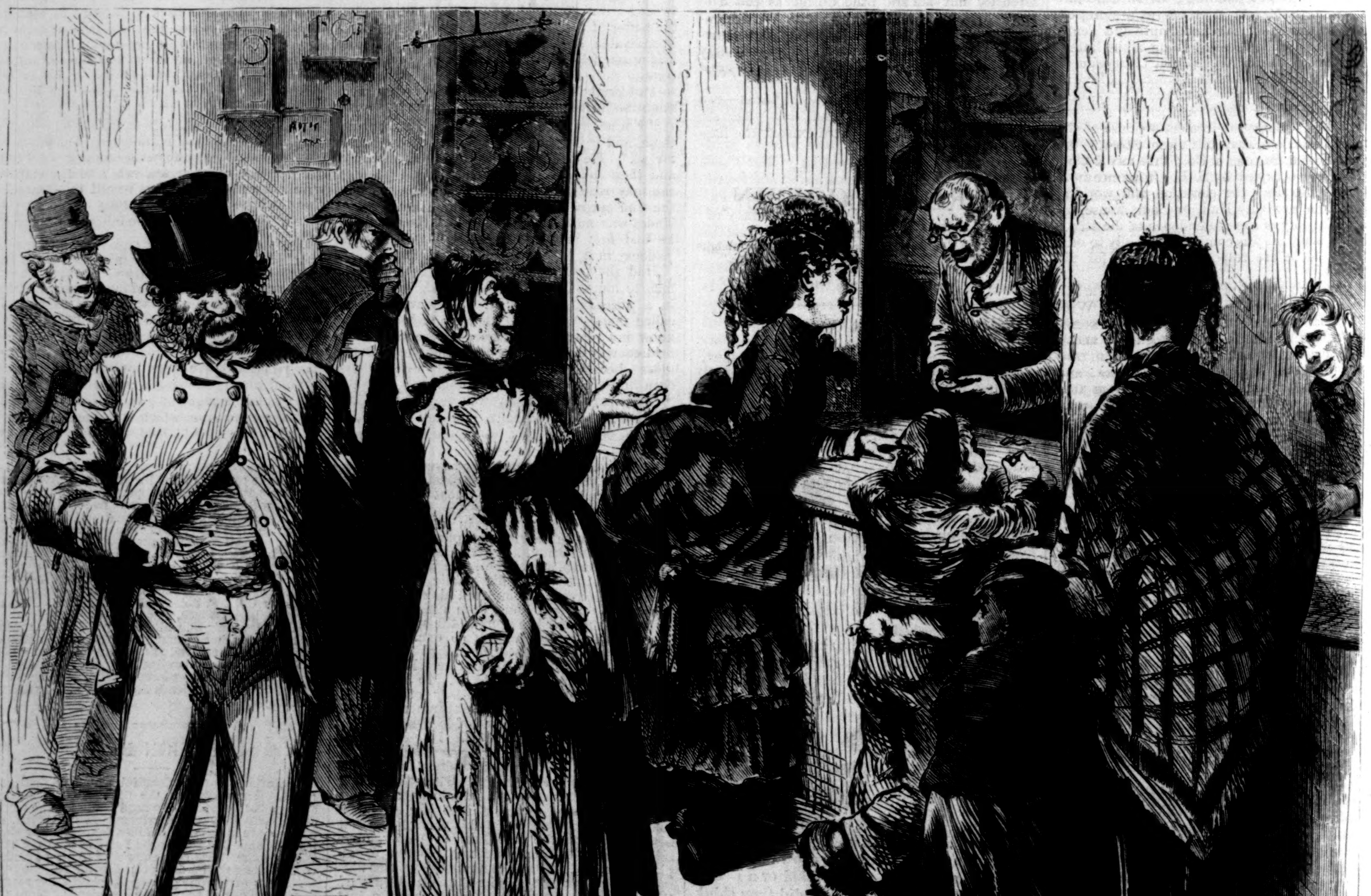
PITCHING PENNIES.—[Drawn by W. S. L. Jewett.]

PITCHING PENNIES.

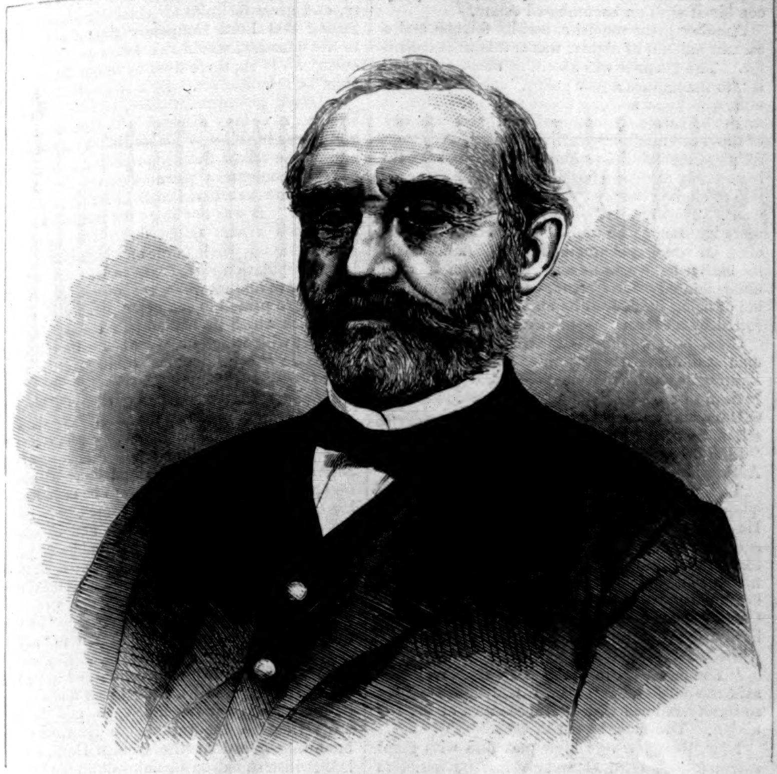
After the rush for the morning papers is over, and before that for the evening papers begins, our New York newsboys have several leisure hours, which the industrious employ in the honorable and lucrative profession of boot-blacking, while the lazy ones gather on the sidewalks and indulge in the game of pitch-penny. The earnings of a whole morning are often wasted in this manner, and the boys acquire a taste for gambling that often leads to crime and ruin.

A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.

In this illustration our artist depicts a scene frequently witnessed in the pawnbrokers' shops. People of every moral grade crowd to them in distress—the hard-working mother, who pawns some article of clothing to get means to buy bread for her children; the thief, with a stolen watch to get rid of; the drunkard, who would part with the very shirt from his back to obtain money for a drink. Some of these strange contrasts are represented in Mr. Sheppard's sketch.



INTERIOR OF A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.—[Drawn by W. L. Sheppard.]



THE LATE MR. JOHN KELLUM.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

THE LATE JOHN KELLUM.

THE portrait of Mr. JOHN KELLUM which we present on this page is from a photograph in the possession of Mr. A. T. STEWART, from the establishment of BRADY. The subject of it died at his country-seat at Hempstead, Long Island, on Monday evening, the 24th July. He was sixty-two years of age, and was born at Hempstead in 1809.

In early life Mr. KELLUM was a mechanic, but he became one of the most distinguished architects of New York. The most striking specimens of his work are the Mutual Life-Insurance Company's building, on the corner of Broadway and Cedar Street; the Stock Exchange; the *Herald* building; H. B. CLAFLIN & Co.'s store; Mr. A. T. STEWART'S store, on Broadway and Fourth Avenue, Ninth and Tenth streets; the contemplated dwelling of the latter, on the corner of Fifth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street; the building now being erected on Fourth Avenue between Thirty-second and Thirty-third streets, intended by Mr. STEWART for a women's hotel; the extensive iron ferry-house of the Union Ferry Company, at Fulton Street; the stores of BALL, BLACK, & CO., TIFFANY & CO., and the one occupied by S. B. CHITTENDEN & Co. He also drew the elevation and working plans of the new City Hall, or Court-house, although the duty of superintendence of the structure and materials was committed wholly to others, who alone are responsible, except for the drawings.

At an early period of his career as an architect he planned stores for THOMAS HUNT, WILSON G. HUNT, Mr. CARY, and Mr. SANGER, and the Hon. JAMES R. WHITING, etc.; and it was to the instrumentality of Judge WHITING that he became known to Mr. BUTLER, and through him to Mr. STEWART; and from that time to the period of his death his success as an architect had scarcely any parallel. He amassed a large fortune—nearly a million of dollars—without staining his success with a single injustice, or taking a dollar in the shape of commissions from any contractor. He was thoroughly trusted and proudly faithful to every trust.

It was through the instrumentality of Mr. KELLUM that the tract known as Hempstead Plains was purchased and improved by Mr. STEWART. The first purchase consisted of about seven thousand acres, but through the judicious management of Mr. KELLUM the purchase has been extended to about ten thousand acres in the process of bringing the possession into proper shape. It now constitutes a parallelogram of between two and three miles in width by about thirteen in length, through which, from east to west—this being the direction of greatest length—Mr. KELLUM was engaged in superintending the construction of a railroad for Mr. STEWART, to connect with the one to Flushing and Williamsburg, so as to have rapid communication with New York.

It was Mr. KELLUM's expectation that his chief employment for many years would consist in the development of this immense property. He had planned a large hotel there for Mr. STEWART, capable of accommodating two hundred guests, and about twenty edifices of the value of from eight to twelve thousand dollars each, which latter were in process of erection, commanding all the attention of Mr. KELLUM which he desired to bestow on affairs not his own; and he has often been heard to remark, of late, that he would abandon all business but for his attachment to Mr. STEWART.

Perhaps the most conspicuous feature of Mr. KELLUM's plans for business edifices was their appropriateness to the object. He knew how to arrange the several parts of a building in the most convenient manner for the purpose intended, was familiar with the strength of all materials used in construction, and had a perfect facility in adapting means to ends. No rule of architecture induced him to shut out any portion of light which the business required, or to subject its exigencies to external forms. He delighted to construct fire-proof structures, and to feel that they would be regarded, perhaps ages hence, as a substantial contribution to the welfare of future generations.

His eminent success was due to his practical good sense and skill, his perfect integrity, and his entire fidelity to those who employed him. He was diligent, rapid and accurate in calculations, had a minute knowledge of all the particulars of his art, was strictly impartial as between owners and contractors in adjusting differences, and safe and prudent, but ascended to boldness in his plans when warranted by circumstances, as in the case of the dome of Mr. STEWART's Tenth Street store and that of the City Hall, or new Court-house. His death is a great public loss.

He leaves a widow and four children—two sons and two unmarried daughters—between whom and the deceased there existed the happiest relations.

LORD KILGOBBIN.

BY CHARLES LEVER.

Author of "That Boy of Norcott's," "The Bramleighs of Bishop's Folly," "Sir Brooke Fossbrooke," "A Day's Ride," "One of Them," "Gerald Fitzgerald," etc., etc.

CHAPTER XXII.

A CONFIDENTIAL TALK.

DICK KEARNEY walked the bog from early morning till dark without firing a shot. The snipe rose almost at his feet, and, wheeling in circles through the air, dipped again into some dark crevice of the waste, unnoticed by him. One thought only possessed, and never left him, as he went. He had overheard Nina's words to his sister as he made his escape over the fence, and learned how she promised to "spare him;" and that if not worried about him, or asked to pledge herself, she should be "merciful," and not entangle the boy in a hopeless passion.

He would have liked to have scoffed at the insolence of this speech, and treated it as a trait of overweening vanity: he would have gladly accepted her pity as a sort of challenge, and said, "Be it so: let us see who will come safest out of this encounter," and yet he felt in his heart he could not.

First of all, her beauty had really dazzled him, and the thousand graces of a manner of which he had known nothing captivated and almost bewildered him. He could not reply to her in the same tone he used to any other. If he fetched her a book or a chair, he gave it with a sort of deference that actually reacted on himself, and made him more gentle and more courteous, for the time. "What would this influence end in making me?" was his question to himself. "Should I gain in sentiment or feeling? Should I have higher and nobler aims? Should I be any thing of that she herself described so glowingly, or should I only sink to a weak desire to be her slave, and ask for nothing better than some slight recognition of my devotion? I take it that she would say the choice lay with *her*, and that I should be the one or the other as she willed it, and though I would give much to believe her wrong, my heart tells me that I can not. I came down here resolved to resist any influence she might attempt to have over me. Her likeness showed me how beautiful she was, but it could not tell me the dangerous fascination of her low liquid voice, her half-playful, half-melancholy smile, and that bewitching walk, with all its stately grace, so that every fold as she moves sends its own thrill of ecstasy. And now that I know all these, see and feel them, I am told that to me they can bring no hope! That I am too poor, too ignoble, too undistinguished, to raise my eyes to such attraction. I am nothing, and must live and die nothing.

"She is candid enough, at all events. There is no rhapsody about her when she talks of poverty. She chronicles every stage of the misery, as though she had felt them all; and how unlike it she looks! There is an almost insolent well-being about her that puzzles me. She will not heed this, or suffer that, because it looks mean. Is this the subtle worship she offers Wealth, and is it thus she offers up her prayer to Fortune?

"But why should she assume I must be her slave?" cried he aloud, in a sort of defiance. "I have shown her no such preference, nor made any advances that would show I want to win her favor. Without denying that she is beautiful, is it so certain it is the kind of beauty I admire? She has scores of fascinations—I do not deny it; but should I say that I trust her? And if I should trust her, and love her too, where must it all end in? I do not believe in her theory that love will transform a fellow of my mould into a hero, not to say that I have my own doubt if she herself believes it. I wonder if Kate reads her more clearly? Girls so often understand each other by traits we have no clew to; and it was Kate who asked her, almost in tone of entreaty, 'to spare me,' to save me from a hopeless passion, just as though I were some peasant-boy who had set his affection on a princess. Is that the way, then, the world would read our respective conditions? The son of a ruined house or the guest of a beggared family leaves little to choose between! Kate—the world—would call my lot the better of the two. The man's chance is not irretrievable, at least such is the theory. Those half-dozen fellows, who in a century or so contrive to work their way up to something, make a sort of precedent, and tell the others what they might be if they but knew how.

"I'm not vain enough to suppose I am one of these, and it is quite plain that she does not think me so." He pondered long over this thought, and then suddenly cried aloud, "Is it possible she may read Joe Atlee in this fashion? is that the stuff out of which she hopes to make a hero?" There was more bitterness in this thought than he had first imagined, and there was that of jealousy in it, too, that pained him deeply.

Had she preferred either of the two Englishmen to himself, he could have understood and, in a measure, accepted it. They were, as he called them, "swells." They might become, he knew not what. The career of the Saxon in fortune was a thing incommensurable by Irish ideas; but Joe was like himself, or in reality less than himself, in worldly advantages.

This pang of jealousy was very bitter; but still it served to stimulate him and rouse him from a depression that was gaining fast upon him. It is true, he remembered she had spoken slightingly of Joe Atlee. Called him noisy, pretentious, even vulgar; snubbed him openly on more than one occasion, and seemed to like to turn the laugh against him; but with all that she had sung duets with him, corrected some Italian verses he wrote, and actually made a little sketch in his note-book for him as a souvenir. A souvenir! and of what? Not of the ridicule she had turned upon him; not the jest she had made upon his boastfulness. Now which of these two did this argue? was this levity, or was it falsehood? Was she so little mindful of honesty that she would show these signs of favor to one she held most cheaply, or was it that her distaste to this man was mere pretense, and only assumed to deceive others?

After all, Joe Atlee was a nobody; flattery might call him an adventurer, but he was not even so much. Among the men of the dangerous party he mixed with he was careful never to compromise himself. He might write the songs of rebellion, but he was little likely to tamper with treason itself. So much he would tell her when he got back. Not angrily, nor passionately—for that would betray him and disclose his jealousy—but in the tone of a man revealing something he regretted—confessing to the blemish of one he would have liked better to speak well of. There was not, he thought, any thing unfair in this. He was but warning her against a man who was unworthy of her. Unworthy of her! What words could express the disparity between them? Not but if she liked him—and this he said with a certain bitterness—or thought she liked him, the disproportion already ceased to exist.

Hour after hour of that long summer day he walked, revolving such thoughts as these; all his conclusions tending to the one point, that *he* was not the easy victim she thought him, and that, come what might, *he* should not be offered up as a sacrifice to her worship of Joe Atlee.

"There is nothing would gratify the fellow's vanity," thought he, "like a successful rivalry of him. Tell him he was preferred to me, and he would be ready to fall down and worship whoever had made the choice."

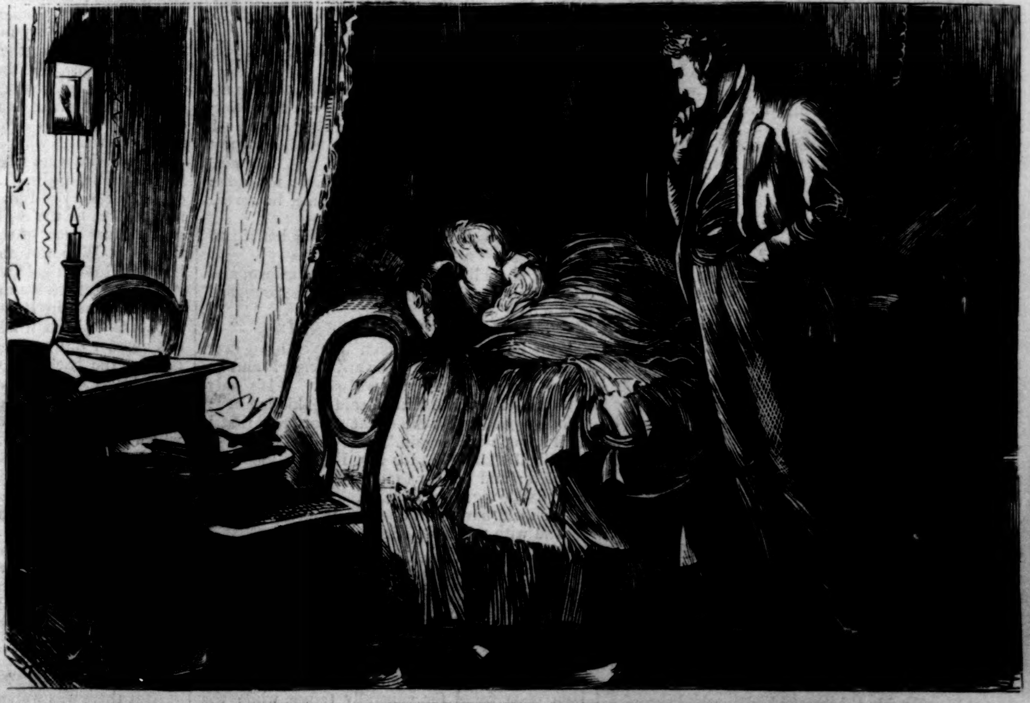
By dwelling on all the possible and impossible issues of such an attachment, he had at length convinced himself of its existence, and even more, persuaded himself to fancy it was something to be regretted and grieved over for worldly considerations, but not in any way regarded as personally unpleasant.

As he came in sight of home and saw a light in the small tower where Kate's bedroom lay, he determined he would go up to his sister and tell her so much of his mind as he believed was finally settled, and in such a way as would certainly lead her to repeat it to Nina.

"Kate shall tell her that if I have left her suddenly and gone back to Trinity to keep my term, I have not fled the field in a moment of faint-heartedness. I do not deny her beauty. I do not disparage one of her attractions, and she has scores of them. I will not even say that when I have sat beside her, heard her low soft voice, and watched the tremor of that lovely mouth vibrating with wit or tremulous with feeling, I have been all indifference; but this I will say, she shall not number *me* among the victims of her fascinations; and when she counts the trinkets on her wrist that record the hearts she has broken—a pastime I once witnessed—not one of them shall record the initial of Dick Kearney."

With these brave words he mounted the narrow stair and knocked at his sister's door. No answer coming, he knocked again, and after waiting a few seconds he slowly opened the door and saw that Kate, still dressed, had thrown herself on her bed, and was sound asleep. The table was covered with account-books and papers: tax receipts, law notices, and tenants' letters lay littered about, showing what had been the task she was last engaged on; and her heavy breathing told the exhaustion which it had left behind it.

"I wish I could help her with her work,"



"KATE, STILL DRESSED, HAD THROWN HERSELF ON HER BED, AND WAS SOUND ASLEEP."

muttered he to himself, as a pang of self-reproach shot through him. This certainly should have been his own task rather than hers; the question was, however, Could he have done it? And this doubt increased as he looked over the long column of tenants' names, whose holdings varied in every imaginable quantity of acres, roods, and perches. Besides these there were innumerable small details of allowances for this and compensation for that. This one had given so many days' horse-and-car hire at the bog; that other had got advances "in seed potatoes;" such a one had a claim for reduced rent, because the mill-race had overflowed and deluged his wheat crop; such another had fed two pigs of "the lord's" and fattened them, while himself and his own were nigh starving.

Through an entire column there was not one case without its complication, either in the shape of argument for increased liability, or claim for compensation. It was make-shift every where, and Dick could not but ask himself whether any tenant on the estate really knew how far he was hopelessly in debt or a solvent man. It only needed Peter Gill's peculiar mode of collecting the moneys due, and recording the payment by the notched stick, to make the complication perfect; and there, indeed, upon the table, amidst accounts, and bills, and sale-warrants, lay the memorable bits of wood themselves, as that worthy steward had deposited them before quitting his master's service.

Peter's character, too, written out in Kate's hand, and only awaiting her father's signature, was on the table—the first intimation Dick Kearney had that old Gill had quitted his post.

"All this must have occurred to-day," thought Dick: "there were no evidences of these changes when I left this morning. Was it the backwater of my disgrace, I wonder, that has overwhelmed poor Gill?" thought he; "or can I detect Miss Betty's fine Roman hand in this incident?"

In proportion to the little love he bore Miss O'Shea, were his convictions the stronger that she was the cause of all mischief. She was one of those who took very "utilitarian" notions of his own career, and he bore her small gratitude for the solicitude. There were short sentences in pencil along the margin of the chief book in Kate's handwriting which could not fail to strike him as he read them, indicating as they did her difficulty, if not utter incapacity, to deal with the condition of the estate. Thus:

"There is no warranty for this concession. It can not be continued."—"The notice in this case was duly served, and Gill knows that it was to papa's generosity they were indebted for remaining."—"These arrears have never been paid; on that point I am positive!"—"Malone's holding not fairly measured; he has a just claim to compensation, and shall have it."—"Hannigan's right to tenancy must not be disputed, but can not be used as a precedent by others on the same part of the estate, and I will state why."—"More of Peter Gill's conciliatory policy! The Regans, for having been twice in jail, and once indicted, and nearly convicted of Ribbonism, have established a claim to live rent free! This I will promise to rectify."—"I shall make no more allowances for improvements without a guarantee, and a penalty besides on non-completion."

And last of all came these ominous words:

"It will thus be seen that our rent-roll since '64 has been progressively decreasing, and that we have only been able to supply our expenses by sales of property. Dick must be spoken to on this, and at once."

Several entries had been already rubbed out, and it was clear that she had been occupied in the task of erasion on that very night. Poor girl! her sleep was the heavy repose of one utterly exhausted; and her closely clasped lips and corrugated brow showed in what frame of intense thought she had sunk to rest. He closed the book noiselessly as he looked at her, replaced the various objects on the table, and rose to steal quietly away.

The accidental movement of a chair, however, startled her; she turned, and leaning on her elbow, she saw him as he tried to move away. "Don't go, Dick; don't go. I'm awake, and quite fresh again. Is it late?"

"It's not far from one o'clock," said he, half roughly, to hide his emotion; for her worn and wearied features struck him now more forcibly than when she slept.

"And are you only returned now? How hungry you must be! Poor fellow—have you dined to-day?"

"Yes; I got to Owen Molloy's as they were straining the potatoes, and sat down with them, and ate very heartily, too."

"Weren't they proud of it? Won't they tell how the young lord shared their meal with them?"

"I don't think they are as cordial as they used to be, Kate; they did not talk so openly, nor seem at their ease, as I once knew them. And they did one thing significant enough in its way, that I did not like. They quoted the county newspaper twice or thrice when we talked of the land."

"I am aware of that, Dick; they have got other counselors than their landlords now," said she mournfully, "and it is our own fault if they have."

"What, are you turning nationalist, Kitty?" said he, laughing.

"I was always a nationalist in one sense," said she, "and mean to continue so; but let us not get upon this theme. Do you know that Peter Gill has left us?"

"What, for America?"

"No; for 'O'Shea's Barn.' Miss Betty has taken him. She came here to-day to 'have it out' with papa, as she said; and she has kept her word. Indeed, not alone with him, but with all of us—even Nina did not escape."

"Insufferable old woman! What did she dare to say to Nina?"

"She got off the cheapest of us all, Dick," said she, laughing. "It was only some stupid remark she made her about looking like a boy, or being dressed like a rope-dancer. A small civility of this sort was her share of the general attention."

"And how did Nina take the insolence?"

"With great good-temper, or good-breeding. I don't know exactly which covered the indifference she displayed, till Miss Betty, when taking her leave, renewed the impertinence in the hall by saying something about the triumphant success such a costume would achieve in the circus, when Nina courtesied, and said, 'I am charmed to hear you say so, madam, and shall wear it for my benefit; and, if I could only secure the appearance of yourself and your little groom, my triumph would be, indeed, complete.' I did not dare to wait for more, but hurried out to affect to busy myself with the saddle, and pretend that it was not tightly girthed."

"I'd have given twenty pounds, if I had it, to have seen the old woman's face. No one ever ventured before to pay her back with her own money."

"But I give you such a wrong version of it, Dick. I only convey the coarseness of the rejoinder, and I can give you no idea of the ineffable grace and delicacy which made her words sound like a humble apology. Her eyelids drooped as she courtesied, and when she looked up again, in a way that seemed humility itself, to have reproved her would have appeared downright cruelty."

"She is a finished coquette," said he, bitterly; "a finished coquette."

Kate made no answer, though he evidently expected one; and after waiting a while he went on. "Not but her high accomplishments are clean thrown away in such a place as this, and among such people. What chance of fitting exercise have they with my father or myself? Or is it on Joe Atlee she would try the range of her artillery?"

"Not so very impossible this, after all," muttered Kate, quietly.

"What, and is it to *that* her high ambitions tend? Is *he* the prize she would strive to win?"

"I can be no guide to you in this matter, Dick. She makes no confidences with me, and of myself I see nothing."

"You have, however, some influence over her."

"No; not much."

"I did not say much; but enough to induce her to yield to a strong entreaty, as when, for instance, you implored her to spare your brother—that poor fellow about to fall so hopelessly in love—"

"I'm not sure that my request did not come too late, after all," said she, with a laughing malice in her eye.

"Don't be too sure of that," retorted he, almost fiercely.

"Oh, I never bargained for what you might do in a moment of passion or resentment."

"There is neither one nor the other here. I am perfectly cool, calm, and collected, and I tell you this, that whoever your pretty Greek friend is to make a fool of, it shall not be Dick Kearney."

"It might be very nice fooling, all the same, Dick."

"I know—that is, I believe I know—what you mean. You have listened to some of those high heroics she ascends to in showing what the exaltation of a great passion can make of any man who has a breast capable of emotion, and you want to see the experiment tried in its least favorable conditions, on a cold, soulless, selfish fellow of my own order; but, take my word for it, Kate, it would prove a sheer loss of time to us both. Whatever she might make of me, it would not be a *hero;* and whatever I should strive for, it would not be her *love.*"

"I don't think I'd say that if I were a man."

He made no answer to these words, but arose and walked the room with hasty steps. "It was not about these things I came here to talk to you, Kitty," said he, earnestly. "I had my head full of other things, and now I can not remember them. Only one occurs to me. Have you got any money? I mean a mere trifle—enough to pay my fare to town?"

"To be sure I have that much, Dick; but you are surely not going to leave us?"

"Yes. I suddenly remembered I must be up for the last day of term in Trinity. Knocking about here—I'll scarcely say amusing myself—I had forgotten all about it. Atlee used to jog my memory on these things when he was near me, and now, being away, I have contrived to let the whole escape me. You can help me, however, with a few pounds?"

"I have got five of my own, Dick; but if you want more—"

"No, no; I'll borrow the five of your own, and don't blend it with more, or I may cease to regard it as a debt of honor."

"And if you should, my poor dear Dick—"

"I'd be only pretty much what I have ever been, but scarcely wish to be any longer," and he added the last words in a whisper. "It's only to be a brief absence, Kitty," said he, kissing her; "so say good-by for me to the others, and that I shall be soon back again."

"Shall I kiss Nina for you, Dick?"

"Do; and tell her that I gave you the same commission for Miss O'Shea, and was grieved that both should have been done by deputy!"

And with this he hurried away.

CHAPTER XXIII.

A HAP-HAZARD VICEROY.

When the Government came into office, they were sorely puzzled where to find a lord-lieutenant for Ireland. It is, unhappily, a post that the men most fitted for generally refuse, while the Cabinet is besieged by a class of applicants whose highest qualification is a taste for mock royalty combined with an encumbered estate.

Another great requisite, besides fortune and a certain amount of ability, was at this time looked for. The Premier was about, as newspapers call it "to inaugurate a new policy," and he wanted a man who knew nothing about Ireland! Now, it might be carelessly imagined that here was one of those essentials very easily supplied. Any man frequenting club-life or dining out in town could have safely pledged himself to tell off a score or two of eligible viceroys, so far as this qualification went. The minister, however, wanted more than mere ignorance: he wanted that sort of indifference on which a character for impartiality could so easily be constructed. Not alone a man unacquainted with Ireland, but actually incapable of being influenced by an Irish motive or affected by an Irish view of any thing.

Good luck would have it that he met such a man at dinner. He was an embassador at Constantinople, on leave from his post, and so utterly dead to Irish topics as to be uncertain whether O'Donovan Rossa was a Fenian or a queen's counsel, and whether he whom he had read of as the "Lion of Judah" was the king of beasts or the Archbishop of Tuam!

The minister was pleased with his new acquaintance, and talked much to him, and long. He talked well, and not the less well that his listener was a fresh audience, who heard every thing for the first time, and with all the interest that attaches to a new topic. Lord Danesbury was, indeed, that "sheet of white paper" the head of the Cabinet had long been searching for, and he hastened to inscribe him with the characters he wished.

"You must go to Ireland for me, my lord," said the minister. "I have met no one as yet so rightly imbued with the necessities of the situation. You must be our viceroy."

Now, though a very high post and with great surroundings, Lord Danesbury had no desire to exchange his position as an embassador, even to become a lord-lieutenant. Like most men who have passed their lives abroad, he grew to like the ways and habits of the Continent. He liked the easy indulgences in many things, he liked the cosmopolitanism that surrounds existence, and even in its littleness is not devoid of a certain breadth; and best of all, he liked the vast interests at stake, the large questions at issue, the fortunes of States, the fate of Dynasties! To come down from the great game, as played by kings and kaisers, to the small traffic of a local government, wrangling over a road-bill or disputing over a harbor, seemed too horrible to confront, and he eagerly begged the minister to allow him to return to his post, and not risk a hard-earned reputation on a new and untried career.

"It is precisely from the fact of its being new and untried I need you," was the reply, and his denial was not accepted.

Refusal was impossible; and, with all the reluctance a man consents to what his convictions are more opposed to even than his reasons, Lord Danesbury gave in, and accepted the viceroyalty of Ireland.

He was deferential to humility in listening to the great aims and noble conceptions of the mighty minister, and pledged himself—as he could safely do—to become as plastic as wax in the powerful hands which were about to remodel Ireland.

He was gazetted in due course, went over to Dublin, made a State entrance, received the usual deputations, complimented every one, from the Provost of Trinity College to the Chief Commissioner of Pipewater; praised the coast, the corporation, and the city; declared that he had at length reached the highest goal of his ambition; entertained the high dignitaries at dinner; and the week after retired to his ancestral seat in North Wales, to recruit after his late fatigue, and throw off the effects of that damp, moist climate which already, he fancied, had affected him.

He had been sworn in with every solemnity of the occasion; he had sat on the throne of state, named the officers of his household, made a master of the horse, and a state steward, and a grand chamberlain; and, till stopped by hearing that he could not create ladies and maids of honor, he fancied himself every inch a king; but now that he had got over to the tranquil quietude of his mountain home, his thoughts went away to the old channels, and he began to dream of the Russians in the Balkan and the Greeks in Thessaly. Of all the precious schemes that had taken him months to weave, what was to come of them *now?* How and with what would his successor, whoever he should be, oppose the rogueries of Sumayloff or the chicanery of Ignatief; what would any man not trained to the especial watchfulness of this subtle game know of the steps by which men advanced? Who was to watch Bulgaris, and see how far Russian gold was embellishing the life of Athens? There was not a hungry agent that lounged about the Russian embassy in Greek petticoats and pistols whose photograph the English embassador did not possess, with a biographical note at the back to tell the fellow's name and birth-place, what he was meant for and what he cost. Of every interview of his countrymen with the Grand Vizier he was kept fully informed; and whether a forage magazine was established on the Pruth, or a new frigate laid down at Nikolaief, the news reached him by the time it arrived at St. Petersburg. It is true he was aware how hopeless it was to write home about these things. The embassador who writes disagreeable dispatches is a bore or an old woman. He who dares to shake the security by which we daily boast we are surrounded is an alarmist, if not worse. Notwithstanding this, he held his cards well "up," and played them shrewdly. And now he was to turn from this crafty game, with all its excitement, to pore over constabulary reports and snub justices of the peace!

But there was worse than this. There was an Albanian spy, who had been much employed by him of late, a clever fellow, with access to society, and great facilities for obtaining information. Seeing that Lord Danesbury should not return to the embassy, would this fellow go over to the enemy? If so, there were no words for the mischief he might effect. By a subordinate position in a Greek government office, he had often been selected to convey dispatches to Constantinople, and it was in this way his lordship first met him; and as the fellow frankly presented himself with a very momentous piece of news, he at once showed how he trusted to British faith not to betray him. It was not alone the incalculable mischief such a man might do by change of allegiance, but the whole fabric on which Lord Danesbury's reputation rested was in this man's keeping; and of all that wondrous prescience on which he used to pride himself before the world, all the skill with which he baffled an adversary, and all the tact with which he overwhelmed a colleague, this same "Speridionides" could give the secret and show the trick.

How much more constantly, then, did his lordship's thoughts revert to the Bosphorus than the Liffey! All this home news was mean, commonplace, and vulgar. The whole drama—scenery, actors, plot—all were low and ignoble; and as for this "something that was to be done for Ireland," it would of course be some slowly germinating policy to take root now, and blossom in another half century: one of those blessed parliamentary enactments which men who dealt in heroic remedies like himself regarded as the chronic placebo of the political quack.

"I am well aware," cried he, aloud, "for what they are sending me over. I am to 'make a case' in Ireland for a political legislation, and the bill is already drawn and ready; and while I am demonstrating to Irish Churchmen that they will be more pious without a religion, and the landlords richer without rent, the Russians will be mounting guard at the Golden Horn, and the last British squadron steaming down the Levant."

It was in a temper kindled by these reflections he wrote this note:

"Plmnuddm Castle, North Wales.

"Dear Walpole,—I can make nothing out of the papers you have sent me; nor am I able to discriminate between what you admit to be newspaper slander and the attack on the castle with the unspeakable name. At all events, your account is far too graphic for the Treasury lords, who have less of the pictorial about them than Mr. Mudie's subscribers. If the Irish peasants are so impatient to assume their rights that they will not wait for the "Hatt-Houmaïoun," or Bill in Parliament that is to endow them, I suspect a little farther show of energy might save us a debate and a third reading. I am, however, far more eager for news from Therapia. Tolstai has been twice over with dispatches: and Boustikoff, pretending to have sprained his ankle, can not leave Odessa, though I have ascertained that he has laid down new lines of fortification, and walked over twelve miles per day. You may have heard of the great 'Speridionides,' a scoundrel that supplied me with intelligence. I should like much to get him over here while I am on my leave, confer with him, and, if possible, save him *from the necessity of other engagements.* It is not every one could be trusted to deal with a man of this stamp, nor would the fellow himself easily hold relations with any but a gentleman. Are you sufficiently recovered from your sprained arm to undertake this journey for me? If so, come over at once, that I may give you all necessary indications as to the man and his whereabouts.

"Maude has been 'on the sick-list,' but is better, and able to ride out to-day. I can not fill the law appointments till I go over, nor shall I go over till I can not help it. The Cabinet is scattered over the Scotch lakes. C. alone in town, and preparing for the War Ministry by practicing the goose-step. Telegraph, if possible, that you are coming, and believe me yours,

"Danesbury."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The great degree of activity exhibited within the past few years in the way of arctic exploration has revived in the minds of various persons the propriety of endeavoring to solve the remaining problems of the south polar regions. A special interest attaches to this inquiry in connection with the impending transit of Venus in 1874, since, for the successful answer to all the questions depending upon the observation of this phenomenon, it is of the utmost importance to secure antarctic stations of high latitude as remote as possible from the points now known to be accessible.

Among those who have interested themselves more particularly with this question is Dr. Neumayer, who has brought it to the consideration of the Academy of Science of Vienna and the Academy of Science of Pesth; and there is now some reason to believe that the Austro-Hungarian empire will take up the subject at an early day, and dispatch an expedition, both for the purpose of scientific discovery and also for ascertaining whether an astronomical station for the observation of the phenomenon referred to can be obtained. In addition to the points already selected—namely, Kerguelen Land and Auckland Islands—a third is especially desirable in the very region where there is the most probability of penetrating to a high latitude.

For a number of years scientific inquiry was quite rife toward and in the antarctic circle, discovery following discovery in quite rapid succession. The most brilliant period, however, was that extending from 1838 to 1843, when three great national expeditions, under the command of Admiral D'Urville for France, Sir James Ross for England, and Captain Wilkes for the United States, prosecuted their researches. It is hardly necessary to attempt a summary of what was accomplished by those intrepid navigators, or to discuss the question as to whether the lands discovered by Captain Wilkes were continental or insular. One discovery of great moment, by Sir **JAMES ROSS**, was that of active volcanoes in South Victoria Land having a height of 12,000 feet, access to which was barred by a wall of solid ice 200 feet in height, along which he sailed for hundreds of miles without finding an opportunity to penetrate farther into the interior. Since 1843, with the single exception of the voyage of the *Pagoda*, under Captain **MOORE**, in 1845, little, if any thing, has been done to extend the area of research beyond the critical collation of log-books of sailors with a view to determine the precise nature of the ocean currents and the temperature of the sea, from which, however, important generalizations have been derived.

Of late years, as already stated, renewed attention has been directed toward the antarctic lands, largely in consequence of the publications of the Meteorological Institute of the Netherlands, in which it is shown that the current of warm water which comes from the Straits of Mozambique, and is known further south as the Agulhas Stream, does not, as originally supposed, continue round the Cape of Good Hope, but at the southern point of Africa bends around toward the east, and unites with the waters that strike along the coast of Australia, and in the region of Kerguelen Land turns more and more to the south, having been traced in that direction as far as the fiftieth degree of south latitude. How much further it goes has not yet been ascertained; but it is extremely probable, judging from the analogies of the currents of the northern hemisphere, that this may penetrate to quite a high latitude, and that it is along its path that researches are to be prosecuted which will lead more or less near to the heart of the mystery that now surrounds the south pole.

The discoveries of **ROSS** and **WEDDELL** are really due to their persistency in following the warm currents—the first from New Zealand, and the other to the south of Cape Horn. There is the more hope of a satisfactory result in this experiment as little special effort hitherto has been made in that direction. And if, as already stated, it is in that region that the best location for a third antarctic astronomical station is to be found, additional zest will be given to the inquiry. It is quite probable that one result of a successful exploration will be to limit very materially the supposed mass of land, as many of our best geographers maintain the existence of an archipelago of islands, firmly united by bands of ice, rather than a continent. This is an *a priori* conclusion, fortified by general climatological analogies, and can only be substantiated by actual observations.

An ingenious method has been lately devised by the Registrar in Victoria to procure an accurate enumeration of all the inhabitants of the colony under the present census. This consists in the offer of a reward of ten shillings to any one who can prove that he and his household have been overlooked by the enumerator. We presume that the officers engaged in taking the census will be called upon to pay a part, if not the whole, of what would then become a fine for carelessness, and we have little doubt that the expedient will be successful in increasing the accuracy of the result.

We find in the *American Journal of Science* for July a more detailed statement of the result of the Williams College expedition than has heretofore been published. This consisted of five members of the present Senior class, under the leadership of Mr. H. M. **MYERS**, who gained much experience in the line of exploration in connection with the Venezuelan branch of Professor **ORTON**'s expedition of some years back. We have already referred to the movements of this party, and it is only necessary to add that large numbers of birds were obtained by the expedition at Comayagua, as well as two statues, exhumed at Chorozal, south of Belize. The collections made by the party will go to enrich the Williams College Lyceum of Natural History, and will add much to its already extensive treasures.

Among the establishments that have been connected with the subject of the artificial breeding of fish for economical purposes, that under the direction of the French government at Huningue, in Alsace, has occupied a very prominent position, and its agency in furnishing ripe spawn and young fish to different parts of Europe has been very extensive. We now learn that since the transfer of this region to the German empire efforts have been made to induce the government to take charge of it, and carry it on on a more efficient scale than before, and that as a preliminary a Prussian pisciculturist of much eminence has been placed in charge.

From *Nature* we learn that the celebrated collection of Egyptian antiquities made by Mr. **ROBERT HAY**, and recently exhibited in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, has been purchased by a Boston banker, and been shipped to that city. While expressing regret at the loss of this valuable collection, America is congratulated on the acquisition of such an important and in many respects unique addition to its antiquities.

It may interest some of our readers who have occasion to order analyses of various substances in the United States to learn the rate of charges which have been fixed for this service by the Austrian government at certain official establishments. From a long list of prices which we have before us we find the charge mentioned for qualitative analyses of alloys and simple minerals and salts to be about two thalers each, and for quantitative analyses of the same ten thalers. A qualitative analysis of compound minerals, furnace slags, etc., costs about six thalers; that of spring waters, three and one-third; of mineral waters, thirty-three and one-third; of ores, three and one-third; for the determination of the amount of sugar in beet juice, sirups, honey, etc., the same price; and for quantitative analyses, in each case, two to three times the amounts mentioned.

We have already given our readers an account of sundry expeditions which have been organized for the purpose of geographical or scientific explorations in America, both in the United States and in the arctic regions. Our brethren across the water are equally alive to the interest of these subjects, and are fitting out expeditions of more or less magnitude. Some of these we have already referred to, and we now learn that, among others, an Austrian expedition is in preparation for a visit to the little-known Gillis Land, situated to the east of Spitzbergen. For this purpose it is proposed to charter at Tromsöe, in Norway, a small sailing vessel and crew, such as are employed in the oil or fur trade, and in the habit of making yearly visits to Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla. The expedition will be under the direction of Lieutenant **PAYER** (well known for his labors in the Austrian Alps, and on the late expedition of the *Germania*) and Lieutenant **WEYPRECHT**. The necessary instruments for making observations upon the temperature of the water and air and other points of inquiry will be furnished by the government authorities of Austria. The party was to leave Tromsöe about the middle of June, to return about the middle of September, as it will not be fitted out for a longer stay.

The object of this journey is to make a reconnoissance, preliminary to a more extended and elaborate expedition in 1872, with a view of attempting to reach the pole by way of the channel between Gillis Land and Spitzbergen. It is believed by Dr. **PETERMANN** and others that the Gulf Stream reaches far to the north in this region, and that in all probability along the western coast of Gillis Land will be found the best pathway toward the goal for which so many nations are striving. There is no question but that a considerably greater latitude than 80° can be easily reached, although the number of degrees north of this that can be traversed is a problem yet to be solved. In any event, in our almost absolute ignorance of the region between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla, important discoveries in physical and natural science will undoubtedly be made, apart from any question of the attainment of higher latitudes.

The Swedish government is continuing its previous work in the Spitzbergen seas, having sent up two government steamers for a five months' sojourn, with the special object of prosecuting deep-sea soundings and dredgings. Among others accompanying the expedition are Captain **VON OTTERN** and Dr. **NYSTRÖM**, together with three other savants. Professor **NORDENSKIÖLD**, who spent last summer in Greenland, is at present busily engaged in preparing a report of his labors, and it is understood that next year he will proceed to the northern part of Spitzbergen for the purpose of establishing a Norwegian colony, at which an astronomical, magnetical, and meteorological station can be founded. It is expected that a permanent sojourn in the high North, such as would be involved in this movement, will add vastly to our knowledge of the physical and natural history of the polar regions, and that results will be accomplished far exceeding any thing we could acquire by the occasional visits of vessels remaining only a few months in the year.

The German government will, it is understood, send an expedition for deep-sea work to the region in the Atlantic west of Portugal, where the wonderful labors of the *Porcupine* were prosecuted in 1869.

SCOTTISH PET NAMES.

SCOTTISH dialects are peculiarly rich in terms of endearment; more so than the pure Anglican. Without at all pretending to exhaust the subject, I may cite the following as examples of the class of terms I speak of. Take the names for parents, "Daddie" and "Minnie;" names for children, "My wee bit lady" or "laddie," "My wee bit lamb;" of a general nature, "My ain kind dearie." "Dawtie," especially used to young people, described by Jamieson a darling or favorite, one who is dawted, *i. e.*, fondled or caressed. My "jo" expresses affection with familiarity, evidently derived from joy—an easy transition, as "My jo, Janet;" "John Anderson my jo, John." Of this character is Burns's address to a wife, "My winsome"—*i. e.*, engaging, charming—"wee thing;" also to a wife, "My winsome marrow," the latter word signifying a dear companion, one of a pair closely allied to each other; also the address of Rob the Ranter to Maggie Lauder, "My bonnie bird." Now we would remark upon this abundant nomenclature of kindly expressions in the Scottish dialect that it assumes an interesting position as taken in connection with the Scottish life and character, and as a set-off against a frequent short and grumpy manner. It indicates how often there must be a current of tenderness and affection in the Scottish heart, which is so frequently represented to be, like its climate, "stern and wild." There could not be such terms were the feelings they express unknown. I believe it often happens that in the Scottish character there is a vein of deep and kindly feeling lying hid under a short and hard and somewhat stern manner. Hence has arisen the Scottish saying which is applicable to such cases, "His girn's waur than his bite"—his disposition is of a softer nature than his words and manner would often lead you to suppose.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

A SAIL on our beautiful Hudson is, as an enthusiastic youth remarked the other day, "the height of summer bliss." Hundreds luxuriate every day during "the season" in the magnificent views among the Highlands, as the crowded decks of the Albany day-boats and other steamers abundantly testify. But delightful as is the passage in a swift-going steamer, *rowing* on the Hudson is still more inspiring. Given—a fine afternoon or moonlight evening, a pretty row-boat, a skillful oarsman (if you do not row yourself), and from one to half a dozen congenial companions, and you have the elements of a most charming little excursion. Such, at least, it proved to our little party the other evening. It was about five o'clock when we stepped into our boat at Cornwall Landing—six of us, all told. A fresh breeze, a bright sky, and all ready for a good time. Swiftly we glide over the sparkling waters, passing under the shadow of Old Storm King, gazing with new interest upon the rocky sides of Cro' Nest as we seem almost to touch the mountain itself, watching the varying shade and sunshine on the crest of Breakneck—chatting merrily the while, and admiring the strong, steady strokes of the oars. Fifty-two minutes from the time of starting we landed at West Point. Too early for the dress parade, are we? Well, there is time for a walk to Fort Putnam, which suits some of our party; the others linger about the parade-ground, listening to the fine music of the band, and watching the gay promenaders. At the hour of seven the cadets come from their tents, and, in their immaculate garments, go through their evolutions with admirable exactness. These over, we stroll through "Flirtation Walk"—familiar to all West Pointers—and again enter our boat. The fair moon has risen in the clear sky, and she seems, as we skim over the river, to follow us over the mountain-tops. Wind and tide are against us, but strong hands propel the little boat; though as we round the "Point," where the tide is strongest, one of our party seizes the extra paddles and lends a helping hand, evidently to the satisfaction of our oarsman. A little more than an hour brings us back to Cornwall, well pleased with our trip, and thinking how much more invigorating such simple out-door excursions would be to city refugees than the heated ball-room and the frequented card-table of many fashionable resorts.

The studio of Miss Harriet G. Hosmer is said to be the most beautiful in Rome, and she herself occupies a leading position in the art society of the Eternal City. She is yet in the prime of life, being about forty years of age.

The citizens of Hamburg, Germany, intend to do their part toward Christianizing the world. They support fifty Protestant missionaries in Africa and Australia.

New England has had another shaking. Earthquakes are becoming very common occurrences. Somebody has been looking up the subject, and finds that after the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock they were exempt from earthquakes for eighteen years. The first, in 1638, was very severe. Between that year and 1850 one hundred and forty-nine earthquakes are recorded as having been experienced in the Eastern States. Nearly twice as many have occurred in winter and autumn as in the warmer seasons. New York and Philadelphia have never experienced these convulsions with any great degree of severity.

Ruffians in Newark recently entered a Methodist chapel, and, with blasphemy and ribald songs, broke up the service which was being conducted in a quiet, unostentatious manner.

It is an interesting fact that "Tad" Lincoln—whose recent death at the early age of eighteen caused universal regret among his large circle of friends—when but eight years old, of his own accord, signed a pledge of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors and tobacco. To this pledge he unflinchingly adhered, refusing all proffers of wine, even at public dinners, answering politely but firmly, "I am pledged to total abstinence."

The Milo statue of Venus, which was buried during the siege of Paris, has been dug up and replaced in the Louvre. It was deposited in the cellars of the Prefecture of Police, in a triple case, out of the reach of bomb-shells. This beautiful work has traversed the Prussian investment and the reign of the Commune without the slightest injury.

M. Rochefort has domestic as well as political troubles. His young daughter, aged fifteen, ran away from school with a youth of eighteen. The couple went to London and were married; but the mother of the bridegroom followed, and sent her son to the colonies, while the child-bride returned to Jersey, where she had been at school.

Jenny Lind—who never formally retired from the stage, but withdrew to private life when her voice was yet in its best condition—has re-appeared before the public. She has taken the part of Ruth in Mr. Otto Goldschmidt's oratorio of that name. Her voice has lost its exquisite purity and freshness; yet her musical conceptions are so perfect and artistic that they largely atone for the lack of vocal force. She sings only for charitable purposes.

A cargo of ten elephants, fresh from their native jungles in Ceylon, recently landed in this city. During the long passage of about four months they got along well, after the first seasickness was over. They used 26,000 gallons of water on the passage, and ate up 125 bales of hay, averaging 275 pounds per day, which food was in addition to two bushels of gram and paddy, the last rolled up in the form of little balls or cakes, and fed to them from the hands of their Singhalese keepers. Every individual on board would occasionally give them a sea-biscuit, which was esteemed by the elephants to be a great luxury. The largest elephant weighed 2000 pounds.

Buenos Ayres is again afflicted. No sooner did the yellow fever disappear than the small-pox made a descent not only upon the city, but in country towns in the vicinity. As nothing is done to stay its ravages, fearful consequences are anticipated.

The English press hints that the Solicitor-General, in the Tichborne case, finds plenty of reason for prolonging the trial, since he receives about $250 a day for his part of the work.

Chicago is going to have a drive in its great park—Lincoln Park—which will rival any thing of the kind in the country, according to a late writer from that enterprising Western city. "The North Side Lake Shore Drive," when completed, will be twelve miles long, "exceeding in beauty every thing of the kind on the face of the globe." The two miles of it already finished are said to surpass the drives of Newport and Long Branch, and to be much frequented by the most wealthy citizens.

Gossips are busy with the names of Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne, asserting that they did not marry for love, and are any thing but happy, now that they are bound together for life. Those who live in high places have a hard time of it. Every thing they think, feel, and do—or, possibly, *might* think, feel, and do—is made a matter of public discussion.

The scientific party who spent last winter amidst the glories and beauties of ice and frost on Mount Washington look hopefully forward to the time when the Tiptop House shall be kept open for travelers all the year round.

There is a woman who lives in an Ohio town whose love of truth is so great that she lately considered herself in duty bound to burn with a hot knife-blade the tongue of a young servant-girl whom she detected in falsehood. When this kind woman's neighbors mildly remonstrated with her about this mode of dealing with the culprit, she claimed that the girl had not told a lie since the hot iron was applied to her tongue—probably because she could not speak—and vindicated her treatment as a judicious cure of the fault.

Dio Lewis does not believe in cod-liver oil and whisky for consumptives. He tells us that consumption is a disease of the system, which is specially developed in the lungs by whatever exhausts the general vitality; that the cure is to be found in a cold, bracing climate, exercise in the open air, vigorous friction of the skin, a very plain, nutritious, unstimulating diet, with cold water for drink, plenty of sunshine, sleep, and a hopeful, brave temper. "With such treatment, and an utter abandonment of drugs, whisky, cod-liver oil, and other kindred barbarisms, one-half of all who die of consumption would live on, and many with large ulcers in their lungs would recover."

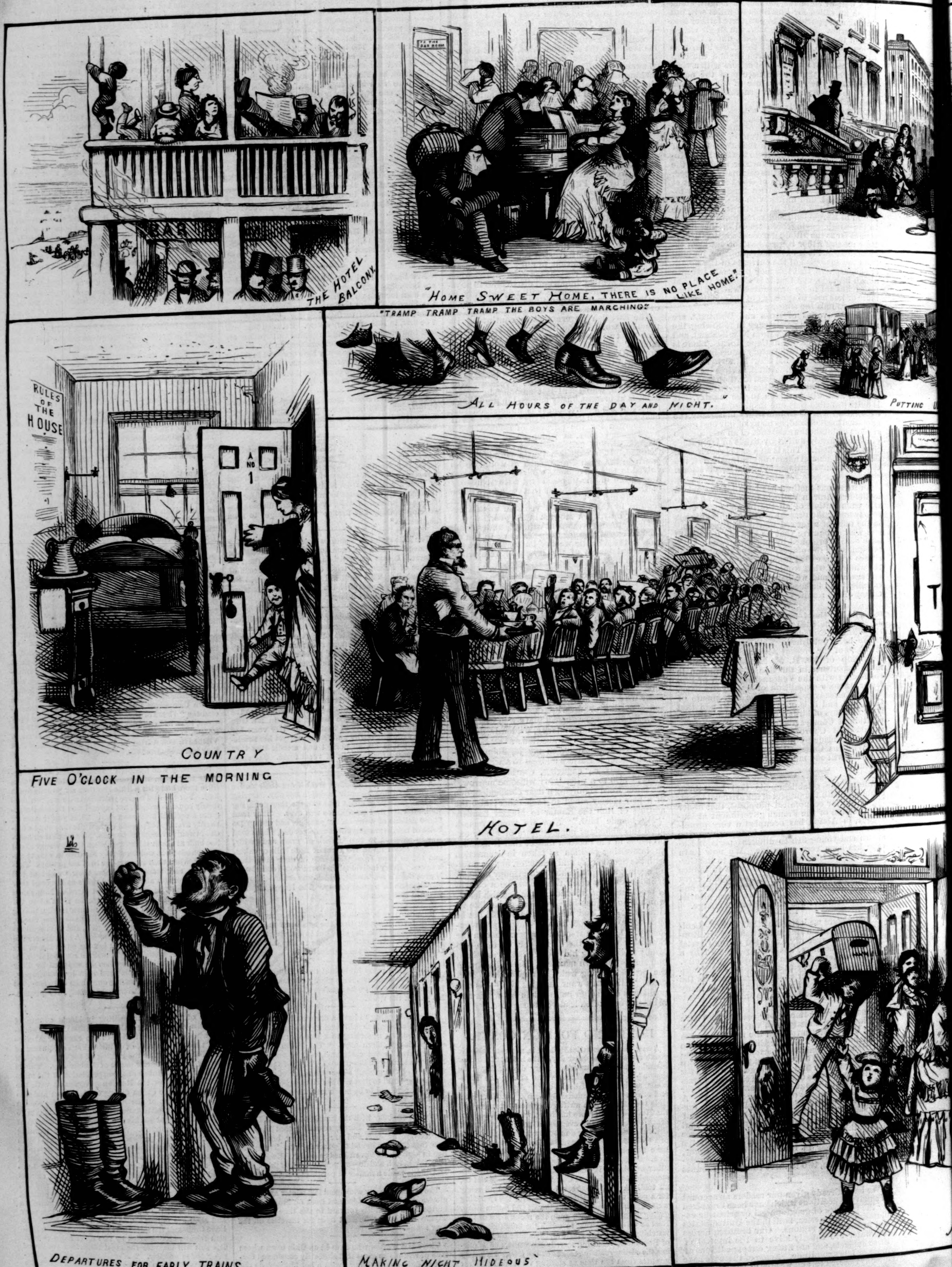
European physicians are convinced, after the most careful study and observation, that vaccination does act to a very great degree in the prevention of small-pox—this point being still in many minds a doubtful one. As to the question whether vaccination ever loses its protective power, it is stated, as the result of many observations, that when the operation has been properly performed the immunity from liability is almost entire, but that it is sometimes difficult to determine the perfection of the preventive; and that re-vaccination, while doing no harm, may do much good.

Denver, in Colorado, now a city of 10,000 inhabitants, promises to become one of the most charming resorts on the continent. The town is situated on the main branch of the river Platte, and an aqueduct twenty-five miles long brings water from this stream, at a greater elevation in the mountains, to serve the purpose of irrigation. By this means the city and its suburbs are always looking fresh and green, while almost every private gentleman is enabled to ornament his garden and grounds with sparkling fountains. The streets are nearly all eighty feet wide, and planted on each side with shade trees. Tasteful residences and fine churches and other public buildings indicate refinement and enterprise on the part of the inhabitants. In the distance is to be seen the Rocky Mountain range, its sides for the most part covered with evergreens, and the summit mantled with snow. The climate is extremely healthy as a general rule, but the exceeding rarity of the air, notwithstanding its dryness, is injurious in confirmed cases of consumption.

From the time of St. Peter (supposing that the apostle ever was in Rome) to Pius IX. there have been about three hundred popes of one sort or another. It would be difficult to give the exact number, for no two historians are agreed on the matter. Frequently there have been two popes at the same time, occasionally there have been three, and the Council of Constance had to adjudicate on the claims of John XXIII., the Italian pope; Gregory XII., the French pope; Benedict XIII., the Spanish pope; and Martin V., the German pope. Nineteen popes have been driven out of Rome, and thirty-five have never entered it; eight popes have reigned less than a month, forty popes one year, twenty-two popes two years, fifty-four popes between two and five years, fifty-one popes between five and fifteen years, eighteen popes between fifteen and twenty-four years, and the apostle Peter was the only "pope," until the present incumbent of the papal chair, who reigned twenty-five years. Of the popes thirty-one have been declared usurpers and heretics, twenty-six have been deposed, twenty-eight have been kept in the chair by means of foreign intervention, eighteen were poisoned, four strangled, one (John XII.) while in the act of adultery, by the indignant husband. One-half of the popes (153) have shown themselves totally unworthy of being considered the "Vicars of God." Six, notwithstanding their vows, have had children. Urban V. confessed his fallibility, and submitted to the censures of the council. Victor III. and Adrian VI. publicly acknowledged that they had committed sin.

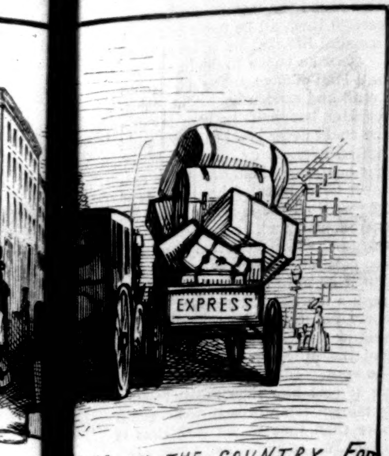
Somebody who has been "studying our *weighs*" reports that, upon the average, boys at birth weigh a little more and girls a little less than six pounds and a half. For the first twelve years the two sexes continue nearly equal in weight, but beyond that time males acquire a decided preponderance. Thus young men of twenty average 143 pounds each, while the young women of twenty average 120 pounds. Men reach their heaviest bulk at about thirty-five, when they average about 152 pounds; but women slowly increase in weight until fifty, when their average is about 129 pounds. Taking men and women together, their weight at full growth averages about twenty times as heavy as they were on the first day of their existence. Men range from 108 to 220 pounds, and women from 88 to 207 pounds. The actual weight of human nature, taking the average of all ages and conditions—nobles, clergy, tinkers, tailors, maidens, boys, girls, and babies all included—is very nearly 100 pounds. These figures are given in avoirdupois weight; but the advocates of the superiority of woman might make a nice point by introducing the rule that women be weighed by Troy weight—like other jewels—and men by avoirdupois. The figures will then stand: young men of twenty, 143 pounds each; young women of twenty, 160 pounds. And so on.

One of the most interesting incidents connected with the visit of Prince Alexis of Russia to this country will be the presentation to the Emperor Alexander, through his son, of William Page's painting of Admiral Farragut in the rigging of the ship *Hartford* during the memorable battle of Mobile Bay. This is to be given as a token of the appreciation of the manifest sympathy of the Russian government with the upholders of the Union during our late war; and also as a recognition of the hospitable courtesies shown by the Russian civil authorities and naval officers to Admiral Farragut and his comrades during their recent visit to that empire. Accompanying the painting will be a scroll of parchment, artistically painted with allegorical designs indicating the friendly relations existing between the two countries, and containing the names of the donors, probably about two hundred in number. The painting has been on exhibition for some time at the Studio Building, and is a large canvas, with an unmistakable life-size portrait of the Admiral. The hero is represented as lashed to the shrouds of the *Hartford*, while around him shot and shell are falling. The Prince Alexis intends to leave Cronstadt the latter part of September, in a Russian frigate, accompanied by two other ships of war. His suit will embrace the most illustrious youths of the Russian nobility. The presentation of the painting will probably be the last public event in which the Prince will participate, previous to his departure from New York to the West.



COUNTRY HOTEL.

THE HOTEL BALCONY.
"HOME SWEET HOME, THERE IS NO PLACE LIKE HOME!"
TO THE BAR ROOM
"TRAMP TRAMP TRAMP THE BOYS ARE MARCHING"
ALL HOURS OF THE DAY AND NIGHT."
PUTTING U HO
RULES OF THE HOUSE
No 1
FIVE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING
DEPARTURES FOR EARLY TRAINS
MAKING NIGHT HIDEOUS"



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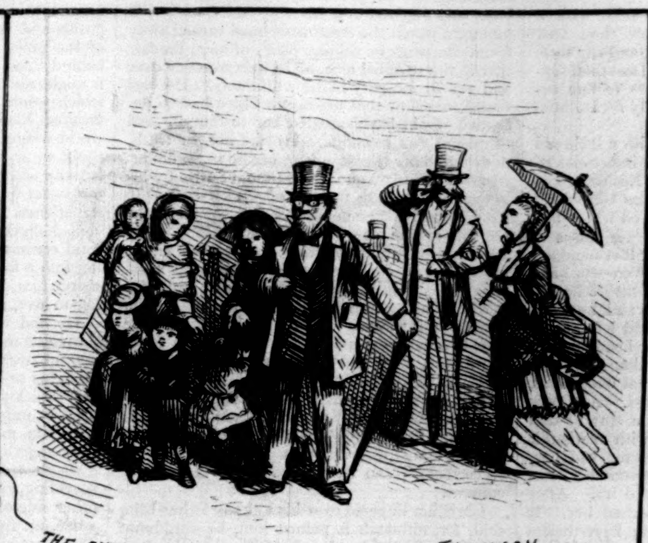
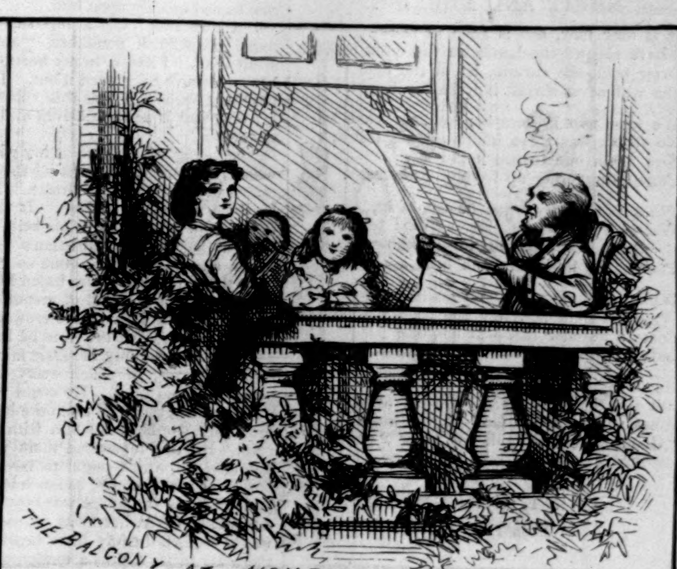
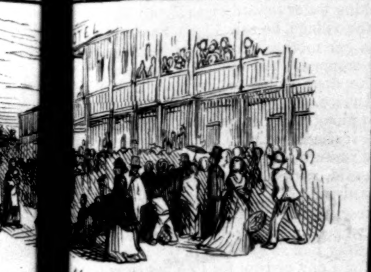


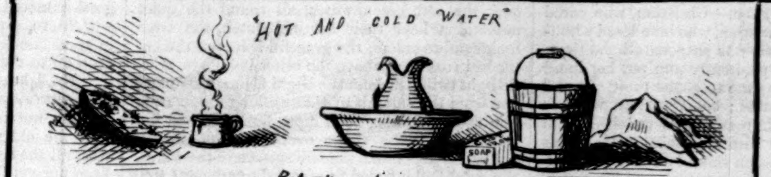
THE CHILDREN.—HEALTH AND FASHION.



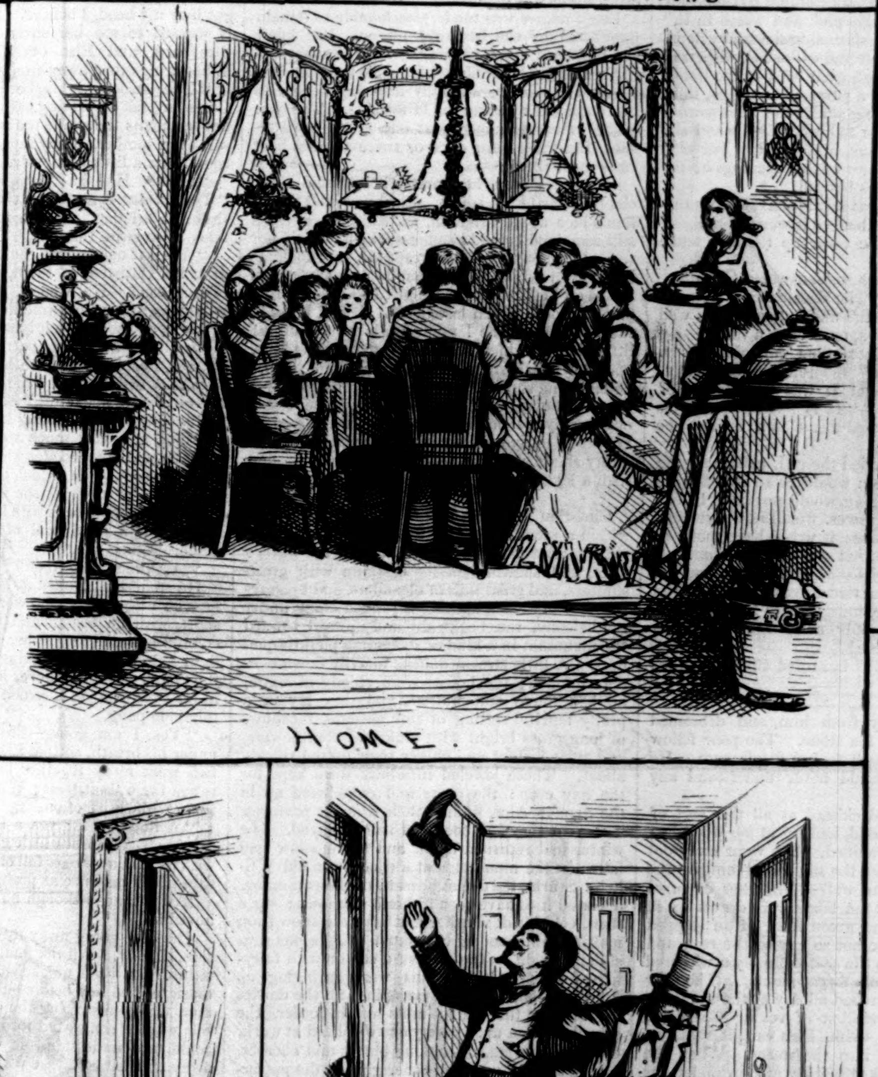
THE BALCONY AT HOME.



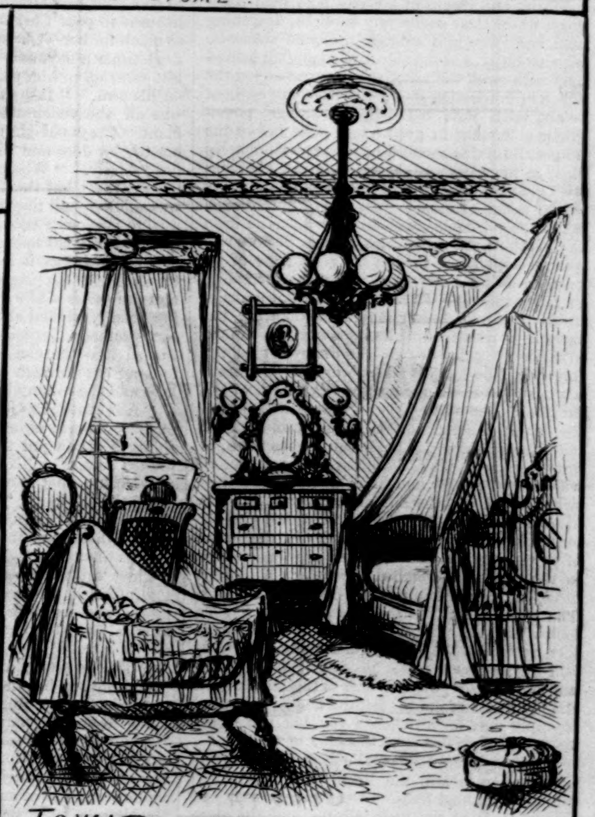
C U HOTEL.


"HOT AND COLD WATER"
SOAP

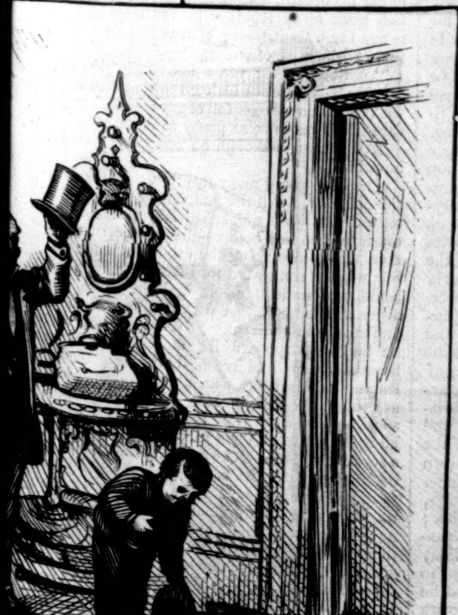
BATH ACCOMODATIONS



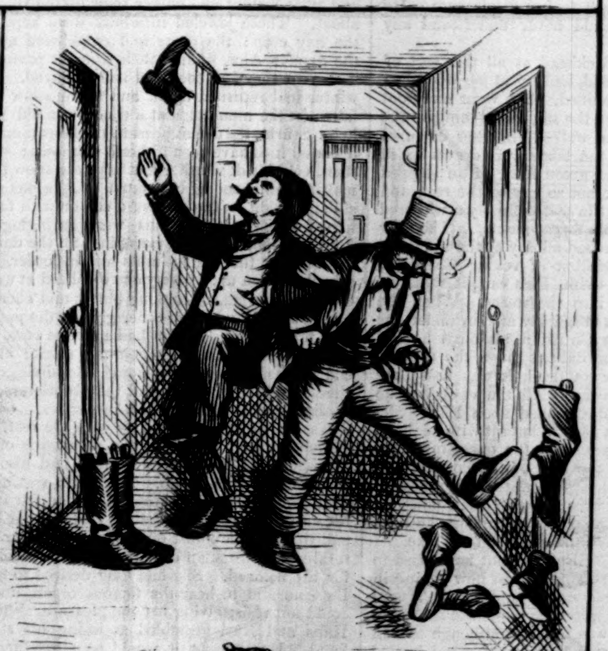
HOME.



TOWN.

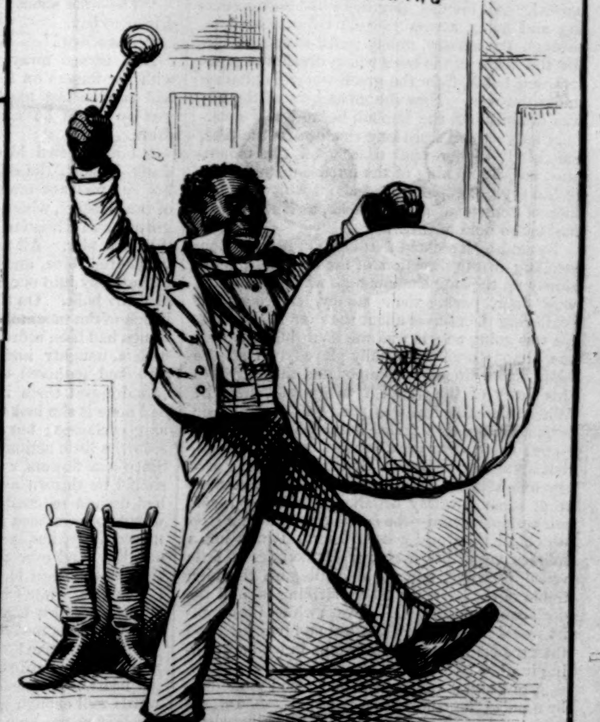


GAIN.



"WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING."

"HOW GENTLY BREAKS THE MORNING"



"FIRST GONG" FOR BREAKFAST

NIGHT AND MORNING.

It is over now, she is gone to rest—
I have clasped the hands on the quiet breast:
Draw back the curtain, let in the light,
She will never shrink if it be too bright.

We were two in here but an hour gone by,
No streak was there in the midnight sky;
Now I am one to watch the day
Come glimmering up from the far away.

What will he say when he comes in,
Waked by the city's morning din;
Groping to find and fearing to know
The sorrow he left but an hour ago?

What will he say who watched long and lone
When he shall find who has come and gone?
Come a watcher that will not bide
Love's morning or noon or even-tide.

He thought to kiss her by morning gray,
But God has thought to take her away:
What will he say? God knows, not I—
"Good-night," he said, but never "good-by."

UNDER THE MOUNTAINS.

By MISS THACKERAY.

I.

When one speaks of a Swiss lake with blue-green water clear as the very sunlight, deepening here and there into strange, profound shadows, with mountains rising out of it, mountain behind mountain, until far away the eye rests upon the crown of everlasting snow, with flashes of brilliant colors, boats with red-striped awnings, pomegranates flaming in great green tubs before the houses, little villages nestling among walnut-trees close to the water's edge, and odd little churches with graceful red spires or tall cupola-like towers in the midst of them—every body knows which lake it is. People come down to Lucerne from the heart of the great Alps, a little disposed to quarrel with it for having no great Alps of its own, for being a town, for being hot, for being, in fact, something different from a brown chalet up in the sweet breezy mountain pastures; but there is no withstanding its influence. You may grumble for a day or two, and then you give way forever. You knew it all before, and yet there is a witchery entirely unexpected—the form of the mountains, the vivid coloring, the water-towers, the quaint crooked covered bridges, and wicked old Pilatus muttering to himself above them, or drawing down pink lightning. The Lion, of which photographs and hard little carvings had sickened you, is, after all, unutterably pathetic in his rocky cavity. There he has stretched himself in the agony of dying—of dying in the prime of power; tremendous strength is still apparent in the great outstretched paw, the magnificent head, but it is yielding to the cruel buried spear. The claws relax, the eyes close with a terrible look of anguish, the noble head, massive and kinglike, droops on the shield which bears the Bourbon lily for its crest—he has fought to the death, and only in the powerlessness of that death shall the lily be torn from his faithful hold. The photographs may have sickened you, but you forget them all before this most touching of tributes.

Something had happened one day to bring the country people into the town. Perhaps it was one of the annual fêtes. At all events, they had poured in from the little villages, and the place looked the brighter for the intermingling of costumes which the townsfolk have too much discarded. All the day long there had been a coming and going across the old covered bridges, through the narrow, rudely paved streets, or under the shade of the trees which divide the great crowded hotels from the green water palpitating under the wall. Now the great heat of the day was diminishing, the hubbub became less cheerfully busy; there were long shadows on the lake, exquisitely tender opal tints upon the mountains, and a softening of the intense metallic blue of the sky. People walked about with a dreamy look of content upon their faces, as if the beauty had taken hold of their souls.

By-and-by it seemed that knots of persons were strolling in the direction of the cathedral, going slowly up the long shallow steps which lead to the west door, paying their money, entering, and scattering themselves about the church. No service was going on; it was the hour during which the famous organ was daily played, and all the *table d'hôte* dinners accommodated themselves to this fancy of the English to go and hear it. When the cathedral was pretty full, the music began, the organist pulled out a whole forest of stops; there were great crashes and rain, thunderings and hail-storms. Suddenly a pause. Every one held his breath, and then, as it seemed from some far-away distance, swelled up a soft processional hymn—the famous vox humana stop which all the world goes to hear. It was not a solitary voice, but a chorus, sometimes a little veiled, in which one could distinguish the high treble of the boys, the tenors striking in, and the deep bass under-tones. Between whiles the organist would indulge in his crashes and tempests, and then the calm voices would come in again, soothing it all.

A girl and a young man had stood motionless by a pillar the whole time it lasted. She was a pretty girl, with fair hair plaited thickly, twisted round and round, and fastened up with a silver arrow. She never once looked at her companion, but he watched her eyes softening or glowing with the music as it changed, and when it ceased, he ventured to draw a little nearer to her, and to say, in a subdued tone—"Else!"

She did not answer except by a kind of impatient gesture, which had the effect of keeping him silent for a few minutes longer, when he repeated, more timidly, "Best Else, the uncle will want us to be going. The church is nearly cleared." She turned quickly upon him.

"Ah, Heaven! Christian," she said, with a touch of childish petulance, "now thou hast spoilt it all. I had it in my heart, and thy foolish words have frightened it out. Dost thou suppose that such music as this comes to one every day, that it need be driven away? Do hold thy peace."

The young man looked at her with a little sad wonder, but without answering the impetuous tirade whispered under her breath. Nothing could be more ungrateful of Else. It was Christian's thoughts of giving joy to his beloved which had brought her there. Christian's uncle was sacristan, and he had undergone sour looks enough from the old fellow—who hated lovers—to have turned a whole dairyful of cream, before he got liberty to come in with the crowd and hear the famous organ. All the time he had left her to herself, only watching the little fair head and the rapturous eyes, in which every change in the music reflected itself. He could not understand it, but he reverenced it none the less. And now her hasty words smote him with a sort of dull pain. He only answered them with a wistful, humble look, which ought to have touched her, but which was, perhaps, as much beyond her comprehension as the music was beyond his. After a while, however, her heart reproached her. It was a foolish, dreamy little heart; nevertheless there lay in its depths a tenderness which hated to give pain, and already she repented of her pettishness to poor Christian—Christian, who cared so much for her—Christian, who blundered a hundred times a day, and was so good all the time. She went up to him penitently and put her hand on his arm. "It is time to go, as thou sayest," was all she vouchsafed; but Christian was radiant. Cross old Hermann, who watched them out of the door and into the cloisters, shook his head sulkily. "Women should be at home milking the cows, but the boy's a fool, and his father was another, and they think nothing too good for a baby face with enough pink and white in it," grumbled the old man, slamming the heavy door.

The crowd, as it left the cathedral, dispersed on all sides; the English went back to the hotels and the *tables d'hôte;* a party of Germans, talking noisily, strolled along under the trees toward the steamer; Christian followed Else when she turned into the cloisters, and stood by her side looking out through one of the openings at the lake and the mountains beyond.

"Ah! but it was heavenly!" she cried, rapturously. "I will never believe it was not real. I think they had put the choir up there in some hidden recess."

"No, no, that is not so," answered Christian, shaking his head. "The deceit would be soon found out. Besides, the uncle mocked me well when I thought as thou, once upon a time."

This matter-of-fact tone provoked Else. "Thou art too wise," she retorted, satirically. Poor Christian thought it was a little bit of praise, and went on—"It is sweet, though, as thou saidst. It sounded to me as if it might be angels' music."

"That it is not," cried the girl, pettish again; "and nobody but thou would be so stupid as to say so. Angels' singing would not have had so much to do with ourselves, would not have gone straight into the hearts; it would have made us wonder and worship, but not feel like that. It was not sweet enough for angels. Dost thou not understand, Christian, that it was like the face in the pictures under the bridge which I showed thee to-day—one of us, only more beautiful—thou knowest which I mean?"

"The—the abbot?" hazarded Christian, thus driven to bay.

"The abbot!"

Else turned away from him, and drummed with her fingers on the stone. The poor fellow had put the last touch to her displeasure. He was so dense he could never understand any thing.

"I am a real blockhead at all this sort of thing, I know," he said, looking at her wistfully; but she was not mollified. She went away out of the cloisters, where the sun was shining on the graves, and Christian walked after her down to the little pier. All the boats were drawn up in bright red, blue, and green files. Else stepped majestically into one not so gay as the rest, and clumsily built. On the seat there lay a withered bunch of the mountain forget-me-not. The poor things had been scorched all day by the sun, and, with a naughty intention of vexing Christian, who had gathered them, Else caught them up and dropped them into the water. When she had done it she looked quickly at him under her long eyelashes; but Christian, although he had seen the little action, did not guess the motive. Since the flowers were dead, it was best they should be thrown away. All the vexation she had desired to create recoiled upon Else. She would not even look at him, but sat with her head turned away, her eyes upon the opposite shore, and her hand over the side of the boat, letting the beautiful clear blue-green water ripple through her fingers, while Christian, with a few powerful strokes, sent his boat out from among the little fleet of vessels toward the middle of the lake.

Poor Christian! Else need not have tried to give him more pain than was just now aching in his heart. He could understand her looks and words well enough when she wanted to show him whether or not he was in favor, although to find reasons for her quick changes of mood baffled him. Perhaps that was no wonder. Nor would it have much mattered, but that Else, with her impetuous girlish unreasonableness, expected him to keep pace with them all. It had been the same before their betrothal, and it was the same now; perhaps a little more strongly the same, if there was any difference whatever. The other young men laughed when they saw his kind steadfast face clouded, but Else, foolish child, liked to feel her power and to wield it. He looked at her sadly as they sat together in the boat, and lingered over his vigorous strokes that he might watch the sweet little head turned away from him, with its shining plaits of hair, the fair throat, the rounded arm, all so inexpressibly dear and yet so naughty in its willfulness. He had hoped somehow that the music which had so delighted would have softened her to him, instead of raising this irritation. He did not, in truth, understand her temperament, but he never doubted its superiority, and he had taught Else by his homage to believe it too. A looker-on would have longed for something which should shake her into a true perception of the noble humility which raised him far above her. No such shock, however, had come; Christian Amrhein was in Else's eyes as good and as dear as if he had been her brother, and as stupid as the cows she milked morning and evening; but as her mother, Wittwe Rothler, was very poor, and wanted him for a son-in-law, Else had consented to marry him. This she was persuaded would make him perfectly happy; while for herself—it is difficult to say what sort of an inner life she made out in her dreams. He had not much part in it, except as he was mixed up with the cattle and the dairy. Nevertheless, she expected him to be entirely content.

Christian lingered over his strokes, as has been said, for, although it pained him, he could not deny himself the pleasure of watching her. Evening was drawing on, the boat rippled gently over the soft green water, all round the quiet mountains kept their sentinel watch, the trees took sombre colors, the graceful spires of the cathedral rose high above the other buildings, a little light twinkled from the Righi Culm, a stronger one from the summit of Pilatus flung a quivering line upon the lake, soon more lights flashed out at Lucerne, stars shone overhead, innumerable golden streaks broke the still surface of the water, the great bell boomed out from the cathedral, and every thing was indescribably soft and peaceful.

Else's nature was too impressionable to remain unaffected by the beautiful repose. She knew she had been cross, and as she felt the anger dying out of her heart she thought she was conquering it, whereas she was only allowing herself to be conquered by a new set of feelings. The boat glided smoothly along, past one green promontory after the other; once or twice another boat came near them.

"Dear Heaven, how pretty it is!" said Else, clapping her hands softly. She knew that Christian's face would brighten, as it did; only there still remained behind a sadness which she did not see. Once or twice, imperceptibly, he shook his head, even while a tender smile at her vagaries rested on his lips. For the girl had fallen into a playful mood, which lasted until he had brought the boat under the landing-place of one of the little villages which stud the borders of the lake, and she had sprung on shore, laughing, before he had time so much as to hold out his hand.

"Good-evening, Herr Amrhein," she called out merrily, darting away from the water's edge. He stood upright, watching her vanish into the dusky shadows of the houses, then turned round with a sigh, and began to tie up the boat.

Christian Amrhein and Wittwe Rothler lived within a stone's-throw of each other. The little village, after making a bold front by the water's edge, and showing off its best inn with green shutters, and great tubs of oleanders, and creamy-white, heavy-scented daturas ranged along under the balcony, ran backward and upward toward the mountain in a kind of straggling picturesqueness. A little stream danced merrily down over a rocky bed; the houses were chiefly of wood, all had rough sun-shutters, and they lay in a pretty fanciful setting of tiny gardens, meadows of long grass bright with pink and blue flowers, and great walnut and cherry trees dotted thickly about. These jeweled meadows were kept for the hay crop; the goats and cows were up in the Sennen Alps, finding their summer pastures. This year they had been unusually delayed. The winter had returned again and again, snow had fallen on the mountains at a time when old Wilhelm Stürm, the oldest peasant of the commune, declared it to have been hitherto unknown; since then, cold bleak weather had kept the snow from melting, until suddenly a burst of glorious sunshine brought on the backward season with fairy-like rapidity. The lupins were springing up lithe and tall, the flax developing, all the dairies in activity, the walnut-mills set in order, the schools broken up. Every one was hard at work, digging, herding, or making butter and cheeses. Else had been with the other girls at the pasturage, for Wittwe Rothler had but one cow, and her produce went into the common stock; at the end of the season there would be a division of cheese and butter among all the proprietors, according to the report of the inspectors. Christian's cows were on the Alps with the rest, and his mother and sister and two stout girls of the household besides, but he himself had his own work on the farm to do. Else, who was under Frau Amrhein's care, came down for a few days, because her mother was ailing and wanted her; and then, in the midst of all the sweet busy pastoral work, Christian contrived this little holiday for his beloved. She had long desired to go to Lucerne and to hear the famous organ, and he could not resist giving her the pleasure, although Hans and Karl grumbled at losing his strong hand. He thought it would be altogether delightful to row her across the lake and to see her happy face of surprise.

And now it seemed as if there had been a great deal that was not delight mingled with it.

Never before had he been so conscious of a wall between himself and Else. Somehow or other, in the daily life of labor familiar to them both, it had not been so apparent. She was often vexed because, she said, he did not understand her, and he had been vexed with himself; but the little shadows came and went like the soft mists that curled round the mountain ridges opposite, and through them all he never lost sight of the quiet tranquil life that he believed to be behind them. Now he began to doubt whether it might not be a land of storms after all—storms which would rend and sadden his bright, quick-natured Else. Her happiness perhaps lay in a world where he could never join her; how could souls so separated ever unite? He thought of it sadly without one tinge of bitterness; his serious sweet temper never resented her little fits of impatience, but with all the humility which accepted slights from her hand, he possessed also a solid common-sense, which kept him from sinking into a false position. Else had consented to marry him, but if he were not clever enough for her to love, such a marriage should never be.

He had come out of his house, and walked through a meadow ankle-deep in grass and flowers, up toward the little torrent, thinking these thoughts as he went. Ideas did not come to him very quickly; it cost him time to put together what it only takes a few words to write, and it cost him more than time to put such ideas as these together. Just as he reached a spot where a rough trough carried off some of the clear, sparkling, rushing water toward a meadow on the other side of the village, he saw Else. She had come out from her mother's cottage, and, seeing Christian, she stopped. A very ugly old woman standing at the door called to him in a loud, good-humored voice.

"So, so, go along together, you two. She is in good hands if she is in thine, Christian. Art thou off to the pasture too?"

"No," he said, with a little wonder. "Is Else returning already?"

"Do not fear, she shall come down again," said the old woman, nodding her brown face, with all the scanty hair strained off it. "I must keep her yet for a day or two, for I do not know what is the matter with me. A mill-wheel has got into my head, I believe. But Maria Walther is wanted to see her sister who is back from Strasburg, and Else offered to go for her. What brings thee away from the farm?"

"The stream is higher than usual," said Christian, not answering her question, "and this hot sun melts the snows too fast. The cottage is safe here, mother, at any rate," he added, looking round him a little anxiously.

"Safe? Ha! ha!" laughed the old woman. "The cottage is as safe as the church. Look to thyself, Christian. The farm will soon be in the lake, if we swim there."

"Yes; if one begins, the other will quickly go after it," Christian assented, in his grave matter-of-fact tone. He walked a little farther up, where a great walnut-tree flung a dark circle of shade upon the golden brightness of the meadow. Else, who had taken no part in her mother's conference, followed him with her eyes.

"Was ever such a one? He would arrange for next year's harvest," said Wittwe Rothler, still laughing, and shaking her broad shoulders.

"Yes, and how much weight of butter must hang then on the wooden pins," Else added, with a touch of contempt, which her mother either did not notice, or to which she was accustomed.

Christian came back with his firm, springy step. "There is a good deal of water, but not too much. Come, Else."

"Art thou going, then?" she asked, wearily.

He stood and looked at her for a moment before he answered. She wore a dark stuff skirt, short, with an ornamental bodice; the sombre-colored material set off her fair face, the shining light hair, and the gleaming silver arrow among the plaits. She had never looked more beautiful in his eyes, and yet it struck him with a sharp intolerable pang.

"Yes, I am going—this once," he muttered under his breath, so that Else did not hear. The two went away together up the steep path between the walnut-trees; Wittwe Rothler watched them with satisfaction.

"A fine couple; yes, a fine couple," she said, turning back into the little green-shuttered house, with its window-boxes full of gay flowers. "And to think I was once as pretty as my girl!"

It was true, although no one would have believed it.

The two, going away together, walked side by side, silently. All the imaginative part in Else's nature had been quickened and thrilled by the music of the day before—the strange, sweet human voices answering the crash of the tempest. She wanted some vent for her feeling; Christian could not understand it, and she wished him away and herself alone with the grass, the trees, and the rushing torrent. So she was silent. And he had a purpose which made him draw his breath tightly, and crush down the passionate leaping of his heart with a stern determination not often excited in him. It kept him from speaking for a while. They went up a scrambling path into an open space, and then through a sort of fir glade. The stream hurried and flung itself along, the fir-trees stood steadfastly up against a deep cloudless sky, the clear air was fragrant with the aromatic scent of pines, of mountain flowers, and young oak ferns; high up they heard the tinkle of cow-bells, or a wild weird jodel echoing away among the hills. Here in the warm sunlight, with Else by his side, it seemed to Christian, poor fellow, as if a subtile, delicious charm was about him. And yet, although they were together, were they not separated?

"He is thinking of the brook," said Else to herself, glancing at him and yawning.

Unfortunately, at this moment, Christian's thoughts did take that turn. "Certainly the snows must be melting fast," he said, meditatively.

"Always the same!" thought the young girl, provoked. Aloud, she said, with a certain defiance, "I wish they would melt faster."

"Then the stream would overflow."

"Why not?"

"And the crops at least would be spoiled," said Christian, with increasing gravity.

"At all events that would make a little variety."

He looked at her in mute wonder. To propound such a sentiment was so utterly out of nature that Christian forgot his perplexities in sheer amazement.

"It would!" she burst out, passionately. "I am sick of hearing but one subject from morning till night. Are there no creatures in this beautiful world but cows and goats? Is it to be always the same, always the same? Ah, dear Heaven, what is this to live for? I wish I were dead!" she cried, suddenly stopping in her rapid walk. But the moment he approached her she started on again. "No, Christian; no, my friend," she said, more kindly than she had yet spoken, "thou canst not understand. I do not know what ails me to-day—I am tired—cross—it is nothing." And then in a very undignified fashion she began to cry.

Christian was very pale. Else's trouble was more petulance than sorrow—the complex, unreasonable working of a girl's fanciful nature—but in his eyes it was all deep and sacred, and it moved him inexpressibly. If only he might have comforted her in any way but this! What would he have given to have taken his dear one to his pitiful heart and hushed her sobs in his arms! Alas! was it not rather the putting her far from him that only could give her what she wanted?

"Else," he said, in a low voice, which made her look suddenly at him, and turn a little pale too—it is not very often in a lifetime that a heart speaks without any veil between us and it, but when it does, it compels us to listen—"something ails thee, what is it?"

"I do not know," she answered, in a tone as low as his own. She had so long been accustomed to think of Christian as unable to understand any thing below the surface, that she wondered a little over his discovery. And her words were true, she did not really know what was the matter with her. "I do not know," she repeated, dreamily, keeping her face turned away.

"I can tell," said Christian, sadly; "my love is too heavy a burden for thee. We have known each other always, and so I fancied thou mightest have cared enough for me to be happy if we were husband and wife. That was my mistake," said the poor fellow, with his straightforward humility. "I might have guessed I was not clever enough for thee. I have come with thee to-day to tell thee thou art free—" Then he stopped. He meant to have said more, but something choked him.

As for Else, she was startled altogether—startled and, it must be confessed, a little piqued. A certain pleasant sense of freedom flashed upon her, it is true. She had been fretting against her chains, and, behold, they were suddenly lifted off. But then—that Christian could do without her! She raised her head and walked on steadily under the fir-trees.

"What have I done to displease?" she said, with a certain defiant hardness in her tone.

"Displease!" he cried, passionately. And then checking himself, he went on gravely. "I have thought it before, but only yesterday I knew it. But, Else, it is natural. I saw yesterday how thy heart was all full of beautiful thoughts which I could not reach, and then it grieved thee. If it grieves thee now, it would be a hundred times worse when we were married. We should live apart—it would be no true marriage."

She glanced at him hurriedly. She had not believed that he could think or speak as he was speaking now, for his was a reticent nature, requiring a strong force to bring his thoughts to the surface. There is often a humiliation in finding out how we have looked down upon such natures, which, after all, have depths beyond us. Else had not yet realized this—perhaps she was yet too much of a child to realize any power that was latent—but she felt sorry for poor Christian; more sorry for him than glad over her own liberty, and thinking of his trouble, she said, slowly,

"Perhaps. But thou?"

She got no answer. He might not have been able to trust himself to speak; this at least was how she read his silence. A storm of conflicting feelings rushed through her heart—it was as he said—she felt her dreams, her imaginings, to be far above him; she lived in a world which she believed to be as high out of his reach as the snowy summits yonder were beyond the lowly goat-herd. She nursed her solitude until it became dreary and barren. But all the time, beneath these grand aspirations there lay a tender womanliness, hating to cause pain. Else felt like a queen descending, nevertheless she would step down from her throne. Christian's self-sacrifice should not make him miserable. She stood still and put out her hands to him with a pretty girlish shamefacedness.

"Let it stay as it is, Christian; I am content."

He took her hands—took them very tenderly in his. But he did not break out into the glad exclamations she expected, and when she glanced at him in a little reproachful wonder he shook his head gently. She could only suppose that he did not understand—as usual.

"Why?" she asked, eagerly: "For my sake?"

"No; for my own."

She colored crimson now, and struggled to withdraw her hands. But he held them tight, tighter than he knew.

"Let me go! let me go, Christian!" she cried, angrily. She would have fled up the mountain if he had released her.

"Wait till thou hast only heard," he said, with a determination which had its influence: "it is right thou shouldst understand. What I said was not all unselfish. Else, it was not only to release thee from thy burden, I thought of myself too. The husband must be first in the household, and in ours he would be the second. Thou, dear one, thou couldst never be any thing but kind and good and mild, but all the time thou wouldst look down on me in thy heart, and I should know it in mine. There could be no happiness for either of us. Look," he said, smiling a little grave, sad smile, "thou art like the beautiful clear water that rushes down, evermore down to the lake, and I am like the great dull stone it dashes over."

He let go her hands as he spoke, his eyes fastened themselves on her face, as if to drink in the happiness he was renouncing; with a spring like a deer she darted from him, and ran up the steep path.

She ran until she was breathless. When she ventured to look round she was alone, he had not followed her; the fir-trees were left behind, she was in the open again, a hot sun striking down, bright flowers flashing out from the grass. Else walked on, weary and panting, until she found at last a solitary beech under which to fling herself; rest it could scarcely be called, so great was the storm in her heart. Quite unconsciously Christian had grievously wounded her pride. For all these months she had flattered herself with the idea that although the full treasure of her love was beyond his reach, he would be more than content with the little grains she might vouchsafe to let fall for him. She had been so accustomed to the homage of his simple true-hearted affection that it seemed to her the most natural thing in the world to have it lavished at her feet, and to return the gift as scantily as she pleased. It never struck her that the consciousness of something lacking should have been felt by him no less than by her—that he did not accept it as the natural result of their engagement. All the want, all the wrong, all the self-pity had been on her side—for herself: she had believed the poor return she offered for his heart to be a priceless treasure to him, and—he rejected it! Tears of shame and hurt pride ran down her face. Luckily, although she was a foolish, spoiled child, there were sweet womanly depths in her heart, which answered to the awakening touch when it came at last; she was soon crying, not so much for her first mortification as for the vanity that had blinded her. "Ah, Heaven, what am I, what am I," sobbed poor little Else, "that I should have set myself up so!" It was a genuine little burst of humility, but it seemed likely to overwhelm her. Never had Christian spoken so well, looked so manly, never, ah, never, been half so dear, as now when he was lost forever! She strained her eyes along the path up which she had run; perhaps he might be following her, he would see she was sorry—ah, no! With a sudden access of shame she sprang from her seat, and ran again, higher up, where he should not find her, and only the Alpen-rosen and the fragrant fir-trees should look at her with kind, pitying eyes.

THE DEATH STRUGGLE.

My back is to the wall,
  And my face is to my foes,
That surge and gather round me
  Like waves when winter blows.
The ghosts of by-gone errors,
  The faults of former years,
That sting my veins like arrows,
  And pierce my heart like spears.

But let them do their utmost;
  For these I can endure,
And meet and overcome them,
  By suffering made pure.
Against all other foemen
  I'll fight with fiery breath,
And if, all done, I'm vanquished,
  Go gloriously to death.

My back is to the wall,
  And my face is to my foes:
I've lived a life of combat,
  And borne what no one knows.
But in this mortal struggle
  I stand, poor speck of dust,
Defiant, self-reliant,
  To die—if die I must.

NOTHING LOST.

This maxim is fully sustained by the researches of science. There seems to be not only a destruction of form, which matter may have, but also a total loss of the materials belonging to the composition of a body, whether animal or vegetable. But that is only apparent, since annihilation is impossible. However compactly atoms may be held together, when separated by fire or any other agency, it is simply a liberation, as it were, of prisoners long held in bondage. How many moments, hours, days, or years they may roam in unrestrained freedom philosophy does not explain. There is a period, however, when they are caught and again joined to others to play another rôle in the ever-changing circumstances of the universe. That which was a particle of iron in a mine may next be in an oak-tree. The carbon that burns brilliantly in a lump of coal in the grate is wafted away in the atmosphere, to be caught by the waving leaves in the forest, and is immediately stowed away in the cells of the trunk. Thus apparently something is made out of nothing, yet it is simply a transference of real matter from one condition to another. Thus it is forever on its course, neither worn out, lost, nor at rest. If the law that influences and directs such little particles where they are required to keep the chain of organic forms in endless succession, according to the cell into which they drop, is recognized, then the proof is clear that there is the same amount of material elements now that there was in the beginning. Where could waste matter be packed away, provided there were any? On the other hand, from whence could new matter be derived, allowing, for the sake of asking a question, it were desirable to have it?

EGGS.

Whether the product of birds, reptiles, or insects, the principles of construction are the same. The yolk is intended for the temporary supply of food for the new being inclosed in the shell, until its eyesight and digestive organs are sufficiently developed for feeding on its future appropriate aliment.

When critically examined, the internal mechanism of an egg of a fowl far surpasses the most elaborate contrivances of man. In the first place, the yolk is suspended in the albumen, or white glairy fluid, on two pinions, as it were, which are attached to the membranous sac that separates the yellow from the white, just above the centre, so that the largest part of the weight is below that line, and consequently always keeps right side up. With that construction it is quite impossible to invert the yolk, although an egg may be made to revolve rapidly on an axle.

The commerce in eggs is a subject almost as marvelous as their natural history. In the year 1866 there were imported into England, principally from France, 438,878,880 hens' eggs! There were sent over to England from France, weekly, in the season, 6,000,000. These statistical facts show how largely they contribute to the support of human beings in one single region. If an exact registration of the quantity of eggs consumed in Europe annually could be collected, we should be wonder-struck at the consumption of that particular kind of nutritious human food. Surely hens, ducks, geese, and turkeys are doing more for the nations than might at first view have been supposed.

In New York there is an establishment for preserving fruits, meats, and eggs indefinitely, fresh and good, by maintaining a temperature that prevents the putrefactive process. The proprietors calculate to get in a winter stock of one million of eggs for the coming winter. Serviceable as they will be for the community, with the present population of the city, this supply could only furnish about one egg apiece for the inhabitants. Thirty millions thus preserved would not overstock the market.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

The editor of the *American Mechanic* has encountered trials unknown to ordinary men. Just hearken unto his wailings: "Owing to the fact that our paper-maker disappointed us, the failure of the mails deprived us of our exchanges, a Dutch peddler stole our scissors, the rats ran off with our paste, and the devils went to the circus while the editor was at home tending the baby, our paper is unavoidably postponed beyond the period of publication."

"I live in Julia's eyes," said an affected dandy in Coleman's hearing. "I don't wonder at it," replied George, "since I observed she had a *sty* in them when I saw her last."

A friend passing along a village street was painfully bitten by an ugly dog. A single blow of a heavy stick, skillfully aimed, was sufficient to kill the animal instantly; but the enraged pedestrian still continued to pummel the corpse till little vestige of canine form remained. At length he was accosted with, "What are you about? That dog has been dead these ten minutes." "I know it," was the reply; "but I want to give the beast a realizing sense that there is a punishment after death."

"I fear," said a country minister to his flock, "when I explained to you in my last charity sermon that philanthropy was the love of our species, you must have misunderstood me to say *specie*, which may account for the smallness of the collection. You will prove, I hope, by your present contribution that you are no longer laboring under the same mistake."

A man who wanted to buy a horse asked a friend how to tell a horse's age. "By his teeth," was the reply. The next day the man went to a horse-dealer, who showed him a splendid black horse. The horse-hunter opened the animal's mouth, gave one glance, and turned on his heel. "I don't want him," said he; "he's thirty-two years old." He had counted the teeth.

NOBLE SENTIMENTS.

He sang the praise of "smiling morn,"
  And "hailed" the rising sun;
"How sweet," wrote he, "to rise at dawn!"
  (He never rose till one.)

Of wedded love, too, would he sing,
  And calm domestic life;
"Marriage," wrote he, "is a holy thing."
  (He used to beat his wife.)

Beauty he praised all [illegible] above,
  And much prefer[illegible] gold
A youthful maiden's lasting love.
  (His wife was rich and old.)

He wrote, "The noblest use of wealth
  Is to assist the many,
And doing others good by stealth."
  (He never gave a penny.)

He wrote, "I hold that man a sot,
  And sunk in moral torpor,
Who honoreth his parents not."
  (His mother died a pauper.)

"Against the drunkard's wicked ways,
  Until my latest breath,
A sad, reproving voice I'll raise."
  (He drank himself to death.)

Epitaphs in a country church-yard:

"Here lies W. W.,
  Who never more will trouble you, trouble you."

"Here lies I,
Killed by
a Sky
Rocket in me eye."

Professor H——, of Yale College, was passing out of the recitation-room on his crutches, when an ambitious Freshman dropped slyly into his cap a piece of paper, on which he had written legibly the word "monkey." Tickled with his joke, he told his success to all his student friends. But a speedy retribution befell him. At the next recitation the bland professor addressed his division thus, in his sweetest tones, "Gentlemen, as I was passing out of the room yesterday one of your number did me the very high honor of leaving with me his card."

A postmaster by the name of Goodale, when he is in a hurry, signs himself XX.

One evening as I was sitting by Hetty, and had worked myself up to the point of popping the question, sez I, "Hetty, if a feller was to ask you to marry him, what would you say?" Then she laughed, and sez she, "That would depend on who asked me." Then sez I, "Suppose it was Ned Willis?" Sez she, "I'd tell Ned Willis, but not you." That kinder staggered me, but I was too 'cute to lose the opportunity, and so sez I agen, "Suppose it was me?" And then you ought to see her pout up her lip. Sez she, "I don't take no supposes." Well, now, you see, there was nothing for me to do but to touch the trigger and let the gun go off. So bang it went. Sez I, "Lor', Hetty, it's me! Won't you say yes?" And then there was such a hullabaloo in my head I don't know zactly what tuk place, but I thought I heerd a "Yes" whispered somewhere out of the skrimmage.

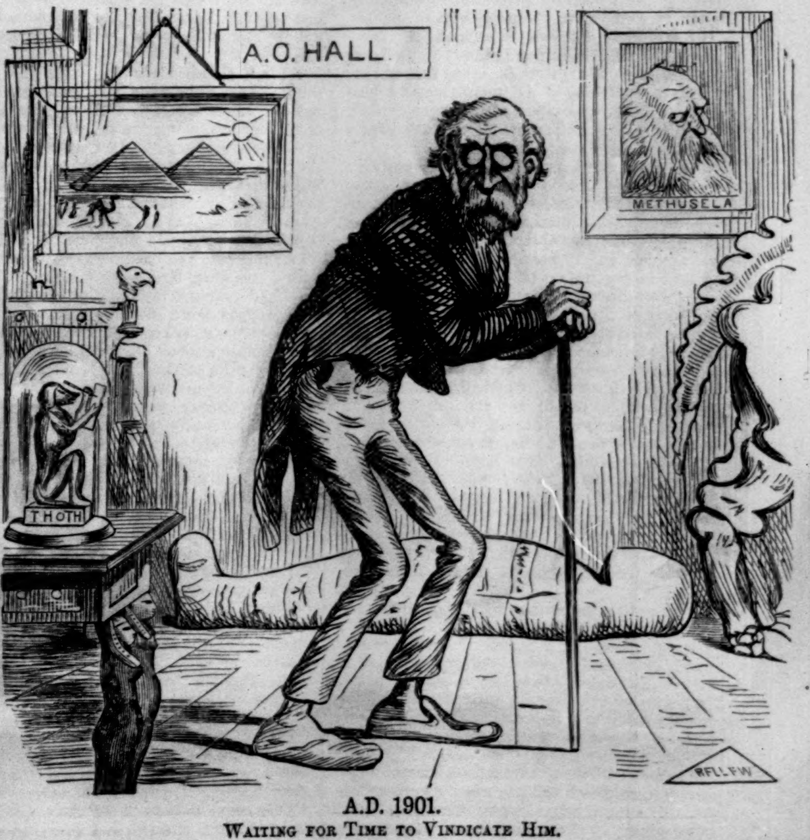
When a pickpocket pulls at your watch, tell him plainly that you have no time to spare.

When the lamented Artemus Ward exhibited his wax-works in Utah he relates that he was accosted by a venerable and vinegarish virgin, who inquired, "Can't I go in without paying?" "No; but you can pay without going in."

An intelligent young man (who holds a government position), in speaking of the recent riots in New York, ventilated himself thusly: "I say, Bill, I can't see what objection them Irish could have to the Orange-men parading. I think selling oranges is respectable enough. But the orange business must be good in New York when so many men can make a living off of it."

The St. Louis *Herald* wants "a real good boy to make a devil of."

The inundation of 1771, which swept away a great part of the old Tyne Bridge, Newcastle, was long remembered and alluded to with emphasis as "the flood." On one occasion Mr. Adam Thompson was put into the witness-box at the assizes. The counsel, asking his name, received for answer, "Adam, Sir—Adam Thompson." "Where do you live?" "At Paradise, Sir." (Paradise is a village about a mile and a half west of Newcastle.) "And how long have you dwelt in Paradise?" continued the barrister. "Ever since the flood," was the reply, made in all simplicity, and with no intention to raise a laugh. It is needless to say that the judge asked for an explanation.



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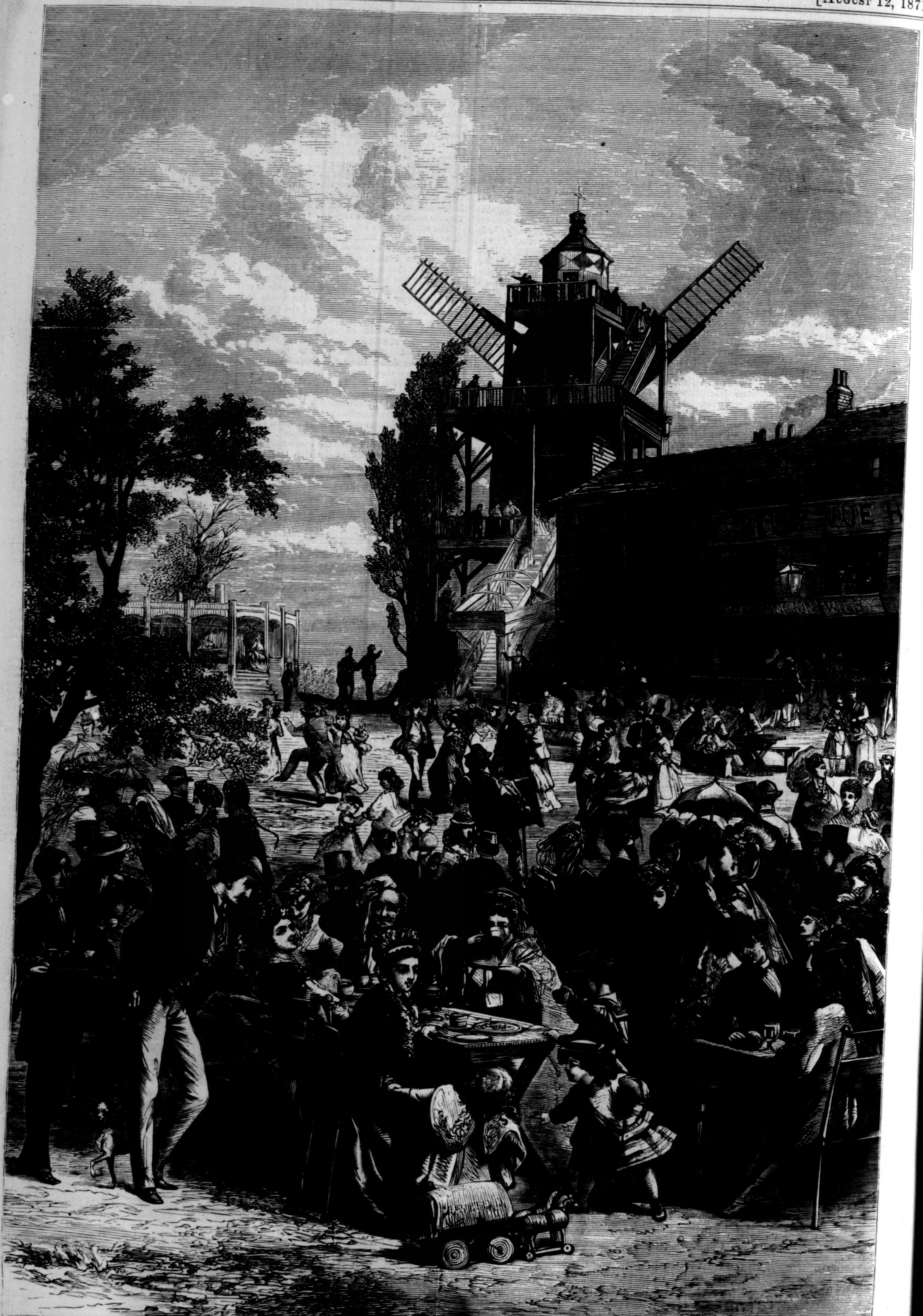
Waiting for Time to Vindicate Him.

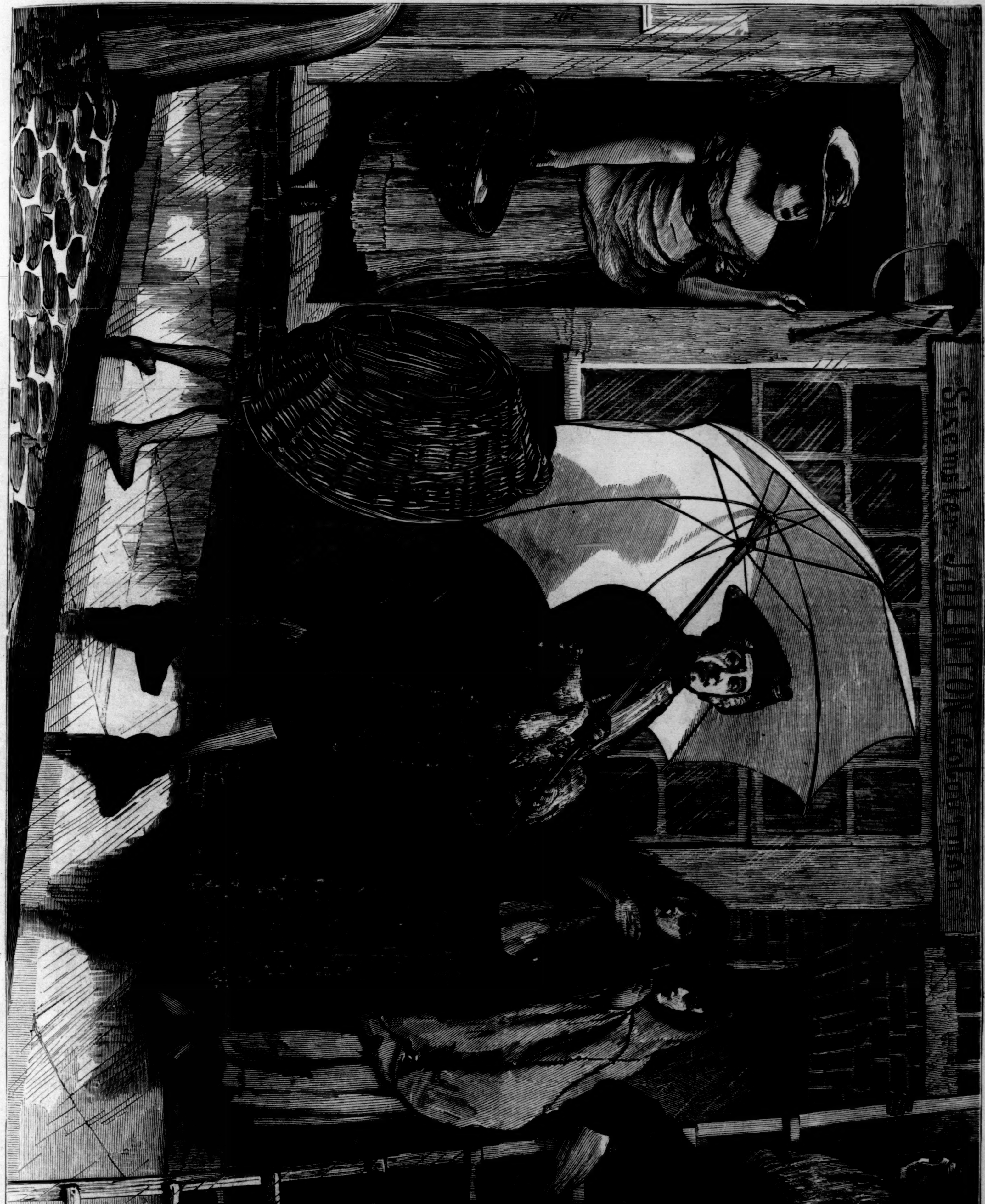


A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.—[SEE PAGE 749.]

THE FIRST UMBRELLA.

The illustration on this page is especially adapted to this rainy and changeable summer, when every one who is compelled to go afoot ought to remember with gratitude the name of the first Anglo-Saxon who had the courage to carry an umbrella. This was Mr. **Jonas Hanway**, of London. **Macaulay** records in his "History of England" that it required a great deal of nerve to stand the gibes and ridicule that greeted the first appearance of umbrellas in the streets of an English city. The practice was decried as a piece of French effeminacy, for the French were the first to adopt the custom. Little boys used to run after umbrella-carriers, with all manner of disagreeable chaff; and there were not wanting persons who considered it a sin to interfere in this manner with Providence, as if it were wicked to carry your shelter along with you, though not at all to get under a roof! Strange to say, the practice was a long time in taking root in England. **Sydney Smith**, recounting the social improvements which had taken place during his lifetime, remarks that in his younger days if it rained he had no umbrella.

Mr. **Jonas Hanway**, alluded to before, was an eccentric philanthropist, the son of a captain in the British navy. He was born at Portsmouth, England, in 1712. At an early age he was bound apprentice to a merchant at Lisbon, became connected with a mercantile house at St. Petersburg, and undertook an adventurous journey to Persia, of which he published an account. He was afterward made Commissioner of the Navy, a situation which he held for twenty years, dying in 1786. He was an indefatigable writer and worker in the cause of philanthropy, and several of the most worthy charitable institutions of modern times were originated by him. He instituted the Marine Society, he established the Magdalen Charity, he was the father of Sunday-schools, and the friend of the chimney-sweep. No public calamity occurred that he did not endeavor to alleviate. Thus even so commonplace an article as an umbrella can teach us a useful lesson, for it can remind us of **Jonas Hanway**, and lead us to imitate his noble example.



THE FIRST UMBRELLA—MR. JONAS HANWAY WALKING OUT IN A SHOWER.

A SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

"What will he do with it?" is the question that some prudent, anxious elders pretend to ask when a young fellow takes advantage of his brief emancipation at the week's end, or earlier in the morning on some day of special indulgence, to quit the toil of shop counter or counting-house desk. Where will he go? How will he seek to enjoy himself? What form and mode of recreation will afford him a new supply of health and strength, and revive his spirits with temperate pleasure? There are many places to be visited, and many sports or active exercises to be practiced, in the neighborhood of this great city, which may be found satisfactory for the purposes of holiday enjoyment. There is Central Park, for example, with its pleasant walks and rambles, its delightful music Saturday afternoons, and its embryo museum, which, even in its present state, is well worthy of a visit. Over in Brooklyn a similar Park offers similar amusements, with the exception of a museum; while the shores of the Hudson as far up as Iona Island, the East River, and the nearer water-side localities on Long Island Sound, offer splendid advantages to those who want to escape for a few hours from the heat and dust and noise of the great city. For those who enjoy sea bathing, and can afford neither the time nor the money to visit Long Branch, there is the inexpensive and near resort of Coney Island, the very mention of which brings a smile to the face of a fashionable New Yorker, but which is, nevertheless, a godsend to those who desire to enjoy, at slight cost of time and money, the pleasures and benefits of fresh air and surf bathing. Whichever way we turn, in short, the country about New York seems to have been especially made for summer excursions, and no one in search of a half-holiday need be at a loss where to pass the time agreeably.

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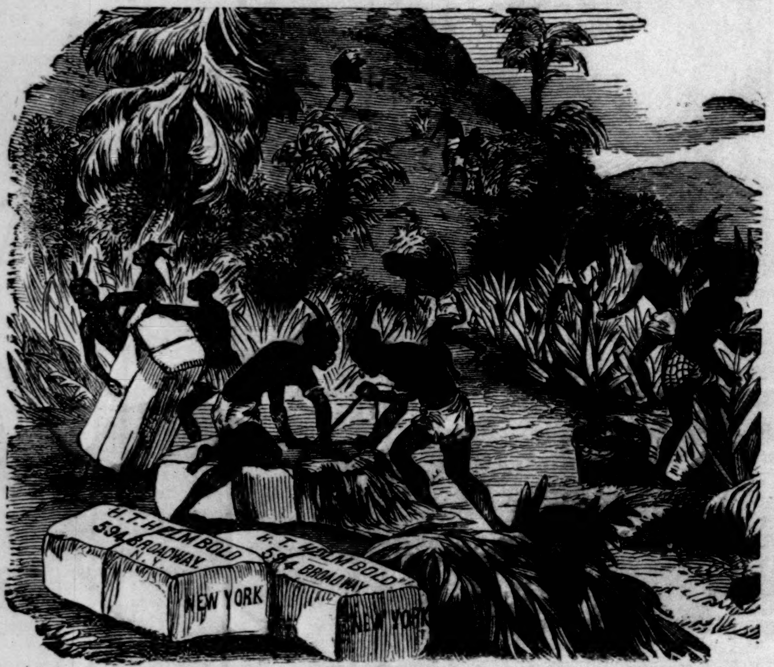

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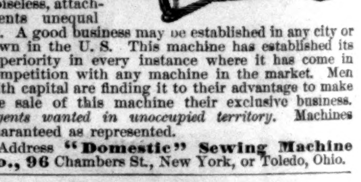

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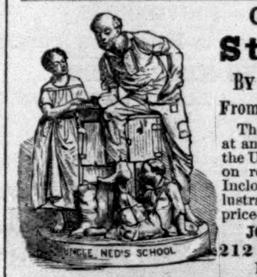

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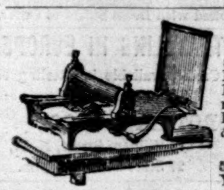

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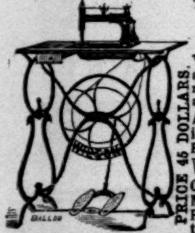
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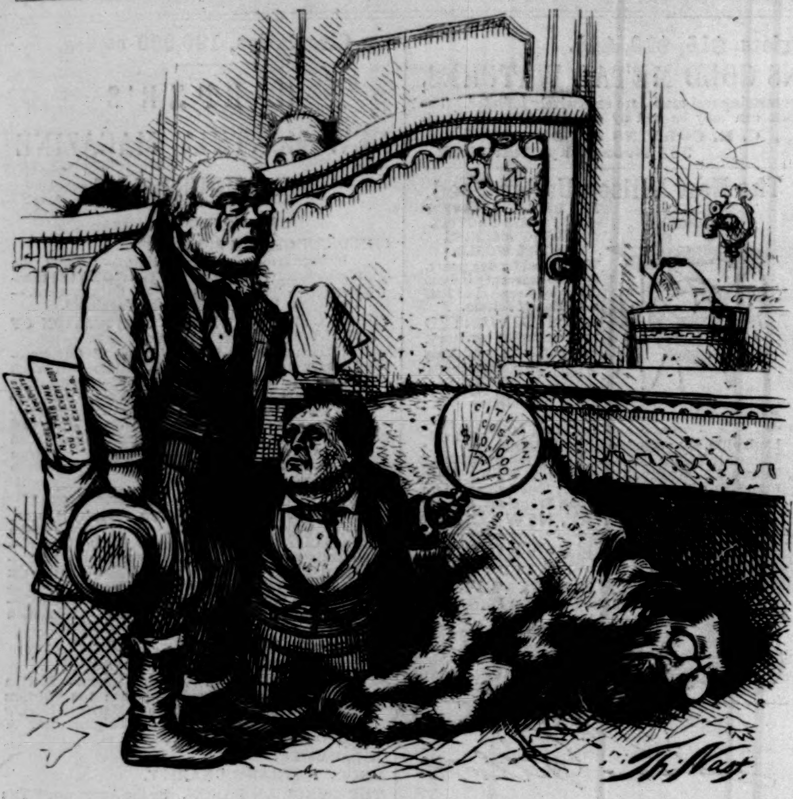

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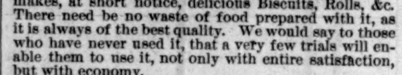

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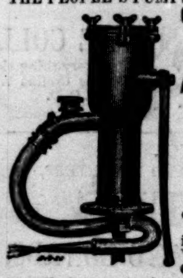

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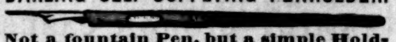

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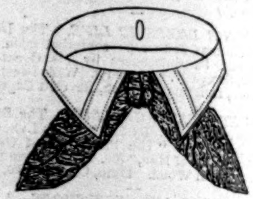

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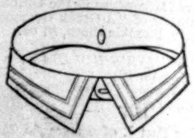

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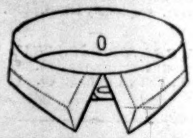

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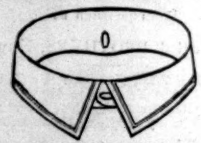

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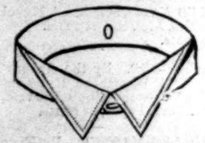

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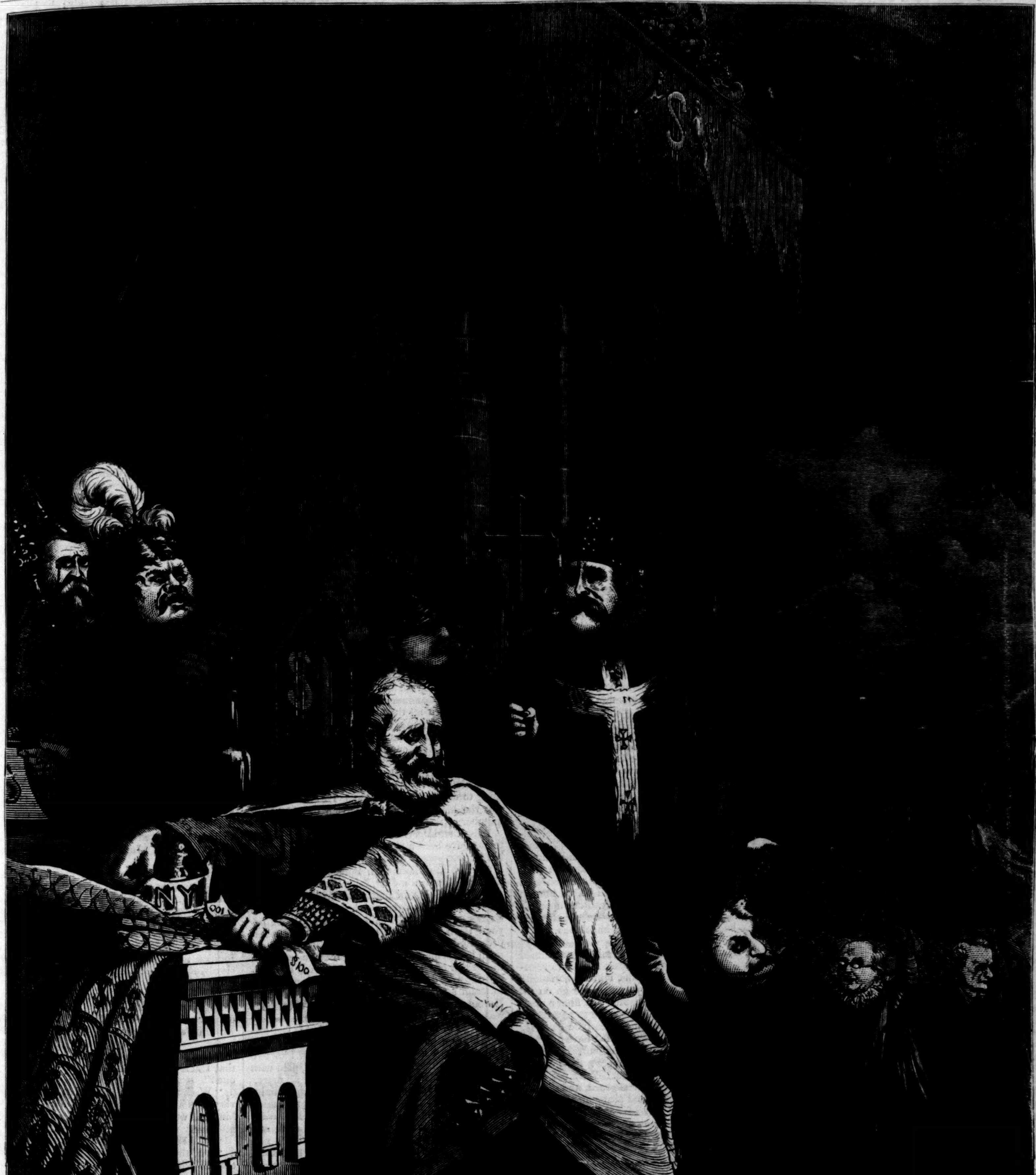
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WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR SEIZING THE REINS OF POWER.—[See Page 754.]

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR SEIZING THE REINS OF POWER.

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR was the most successful politician of his time. The pope, on the condition of sharing in the spoil, gave him his blessing, and presented him with a new kingdom. All the priests helped WILLIAM. He became the chosen son of the Church. His plans were all successful. He grew enormously rich. His meanest followers glittered in diamonds, and his palaces, parks, banquets, and stables were famous over the world. The foreign priests were pampered into luxury, and such showers of endowments, annuities, asylums, and church sites fell upon them as nearly satisfied the avarice of Rome. But his new subjects had less reason for satisfaction. They were to pay for the palaces and diamonds, the pope's blessing and the fat priests. WILLIAM prepared his Doomsday-book, in which were described all the rich estates of his kingdom, and soon, with assessments, levies, taxes, and spoliation, reduced the people to despair. He grew enormously corpulent. His prominent nose, the emblem of command, and his protuberant belly, his diamonds, and his stud were celebrated every where, and no rival potentate could equal the renown of WILLIAM.

But in the midst of his triumph he was most miserable. Care sat on his brow. He was never at rest. The poor Conqueror was without a friend. His followers, whom he had enriched, turned against him. The priests, when he would give no more, scowled upon him. The pope, at the least sign of disobedience, threatened him with excommunication. Poor WILLIAM at last repented of all his conquests; found that, with all his acuteness, he had been made the tool of the Italian priests, the dupe of his own greedy followers, and would have been glad to have purchased with all his wealth the gratitude of his subjects and a moment's repose.

It was too late. Why did he not repent before?

THE ZOOPHYTE'S REVENGE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY AUDLEY'S SECRET," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HIS name was Reginald Ravenscroft—rather a pretty name, as he used to say himself in a plaintive manner, if any one would have been so good as to call him by it—but he had been surnamed the Zoophyte by his brother officers in the Queen's Trumpeters, of which favorite corps he had been captain—the Zoophyte, ordinarily abbreviated for convenience into the Zoo.

This sobriquet had been bestowed upon Captain Ravenscroft on account of a certain easiness—not to say laziness—of disposition which formed the most salient feature in his character. In all their experience of him—and he had been a member of that crack regiment for some ten years—the Queen's Trumpeters had never seen Reginald Ravenscroft in any other than that placid and lamb-like condition which was his natural temperament. He had had his trials in those years, of course—petty annoyances and small vexations, insolent letters from tradesmen and attorneys, aggravating blunders on the part of his body-servant, refusals to cash up from his relatives—vexations which would have thrown other men into raging passions, and sent them stamping about their quarters in a state of temporary lunacy; but they had no more discomposing effect upon Captain Ravenscroft than if he had indeed been one of those strange dabs of gelatinous matter which one sees sticking to the rocks at low tide. He swore, it is true; indeed his *répertoire* of bad language was considerably in advance of that of his fellows, being richly garnished with the choicest flowers from Billingsgate and Seven-dials, and strengthened by some very original blasphemies of his own composition; but the Queen's Trumpeters declared it was the funniest thing in the world to hear him give utterance to a lengthened string of blackguardisms which would have astonished any rough in St. Giles, in the smoothest, mildest tones, and with a most perfect placidity of face and manner. People were very fond of him, although, it must be freely admitted, he had never been known to be of very much use to any of his fellow-creatures. The idea of doing any one a service never entered his sluggish brain; but, on the other hand, he never gave offense to any human being. So people liked him for being good-tempered and agreeable, and freely forgave him his uselessness.

He was very handsome. This fact may have had some influence upon the minds of his acquaintance, for his good looks were of an eminently pleasing and conciliating type. He had a nose that was almost straight enough for perfect Greek, a pale complexion—which his female acquaintance called interesting, but which he himself described as bilious—dreamy gray eyes with long, black lashes, and the most expressive eyebrows; a low, broad forehead crowned with crisply waving dark hair. There was a want of strength and firmness about the mouth and chin; but a mustache concealed the weakness of one feature, and a beard gave form and character to the other; so, upon the whole, the Zoophyte was about as handsome a man as you would be likely to see in any given day's journey.

He was by no means a fop; but he was quite aware that he was good-looking, and would state the fact in a business-like manner, in any discussion of his affairs and prospects. He dressed well, of course; to belong to the Queen's Trumpeters and not to dress well would have been an impossibility. The newest combinations of color in cravats, the last design in socks, the most novel devices in dress-shirts, were scarcely fresh enough for the Trumpeters; while the amount to which every one of these gentlemen became annually indebted to his tailor and his boot-maker would have been a fair income for a moderate-sized family. The Trumpeters were extravagant, and prided themselves on their extravagance.

From his earliest youth upward debt and difficulty had been, as it were, the normal condition of the Zoophyte: difficulty for other people, that is to say; for his debts had never been a cause of disturbance to himself. It was his habit to allow matters to go on till they became utterly desperate, when he would coolly hand over to his wealthy sister, Lady Talmash Brading, a tangled mass of correspondence from tradesmen and attorneys, not one letter of which had ever been replied to, and leave her and her solicitors to settle the business exactly as they pleased.

She was a very kind sister, and had paid Reginald Ravenscroft's debts so often, that it had become in a manner an established thing that she should pay them. He scarcely thanked her. "What the deuce has she to do with her money?" he would say, when any one lauded her generosity; "she is so preposterously rich that I consider I do her an actual favor in relieving her of a little of her superfluous cash. It's like a periodical blood-letting. She would be subject to a kind of financial apoplexy if it were not for me—would expire of a golden plethora."

There are limits, however, to human patience, and Lady Talmash Brading was beginning to grow very tired of her brother Reginald's periodical insolvencies—the tailors' and boot-makers' and shirt-makers' and perfumers' bills; the heavy accounts from elegant purveyors in St. James's Street, who pleasantly combined the daily necessities of stationery with the glittering temptations of the jeweler, so that the idle swell, being smitten by the effect of some curious monogram on his note-paper, might have it repeated in emeralds and diamonds, or ruby and onyx, as the case may be, on his scarf-pin and shirt-studs, a locket or a pair of sleeve-links; the fearful list of goods supplied by crack saddlers and spur-makers—the endless catalogue of articles which had been necessary to the existence of Captain Ravenscroft during two or three years of that gentleman's harmless career. Lady Talmash Brading was beginning to grow weary of these things.

"It is always the same, Reginald," she said; "or if there is any change, it is for the worse. I can't comprehend it. You can't possibly be always wanting the same things—watch-chains and rings and studs and pins. Those things don't wear out."

"No, my dear Leonora; but a fellow loses them and gives them away, and so on. If a fellow one likes sees a thing of that kind on one's dressing-table and takes a fancy to it, how can one do less than offer it to him? Studs and breast-pins are the small change of life, like four-penny-bits. And then they go out of fashion—they get known; you couldn't expect a man to wear a thing he had had over a month. They say Heliogabalus would as soon have thought of wearing his shoes twice as a ring—and you wouldn't have an officer in the Queen's Own Trumpeters less particular than a dirty Roman emperor."

Lady Talmash Brading only shrugged her shoulders impatiently in reply to this remonstrance. She was walking up and down her splendid drawing-room in Grosvenor Square, while the Zoophyte lounged at his ease in one satin-covered arm-chair, with his legs stretched before him on another, and a *Morning Post* spread out upon his knees. He had a glass stuck in one eye, through which he lazily surveyed the impetuous movements of his sister.

"I have no common patience," she exclaimed at last. "If you took the least trouble to regulate your affairs, one wouldn't mind it so much; but you don't—you allow matters to go on till they can go no further, and then just fling a mass of bills over to me, and expect me to pay them. I don't believe you even know what you owe."

"I confess, my dear sister, that I have not even an approximate idea of the amount. But why distress yourself upon the subject? the affair is such a mere bagatelle to you. Why not hand the documents over to your steward, and dismiss the business from your mind altogether?"

"That is not my way of doing things, Reginald," answered his sister, severely.

"Unhappily not, my dear creature. You are so awfully business-like."

"If you were a little more business-like, a little more reasonable, Reginald, I should have some hope of you. If you would only remember that my patience may be exhausted, and learn to economize—"

"Economize in the Queen's Trumpeters! Not to be done, my dear soul. I believe there was a man once in the corps who tried to live within his income, and they did something dreadful to him—filled his bed with some empty soda-water bottles with the wires on, or tarred and feathered him, or tried him by court-martial, or told him he'd better sell out, or something ferocious in that way. No, Leonora, as long as I remain a Trumpeter, I shall do my duty."

"Then I should think the sooner you cease to be a Trumpeter the better. If you mean always to go as you have been going on for the last ten years, the sooner you sell out the better."

"Do you really think so?" murmured the Zoophyte, staring at her reflectively through his glass. "Well, the question is open to consideration, certainly. I should realize a couple of thousand or so by the sale of my commission; and I never had two thousand pounds of ready money in my life. Two thousand in actual bank-notes and gold! there must be a good deal of spending in that."

"What!" exclaimed Lady Talmash Brading. "You don't mean that you would really be so mad as to leave the army?"

"Why not? Weren't you recommending it just now? I could live with you. You couldn't refuse shelter to such a harmless fellow as me. I could stroll about the place all day when you were down at Brading, keeping an eye upon the gardeners, and seeing they didn't waste their time—I should be invaluable in that way. Or I might marry Miss Corks."

"Marry Miss Corks!" cried Lady Talmash Brading, with supreme disdain.

"What! you wouldn't like a brewer's daughter to call you sister-in-law? But, upon my word, I might do a worse thing for myself: she's a very nice girl—a pretty girl, too—and will have a hundred thousand for her fortune; and I think she'd have me. I really don't see why you should set your face against Miss Corks."

"If you want to disgrace me in the sight of all Brading by a match of that kind, pray do so; but from the hour in which you do so, you may consider that you and I are strangers—I would never speak to you again."

"Hard lines, rather, Leonora, when such a marriage would make my fortune. But under those circumstances you can't, of course, object to pay my debts occasionally."

"I do object to pay them ever again. I will allow you two hundred a year; and if you can't contrive to live upon that and your pay, you must look elsewhere for assistance. It will be no use appealing to me."

"My dear Leonora, this is positively inhuman—that allusion to my pay is the very essence of mockery. As if my pay had ever counted for any thing! Oh, I see that I must marry Miss Corks."

"Do," said Lady Talmash Brading, "at your peril!"

CHAPTER II.

SHE was a proud woman, Lady Talmash Brading. She had begun life as an acknowledged beauty, and the only daughter of a Somersetshire gentleman of small landed estate; so small indeed, having dwindled down from the fair proportions of the past, that Leonora Ravenscroft felt it incumbent upon her to make a good marriage. She had married young, and she had been twice married—first to Mr. Prothero, the great ship-builder, a man of untold wealth, and then to Viscount Talmash Brading, of Brading Park, Yorkshire, and Talmash Towers, Leicestershire—and she had been twice a widow. She had more estates than she could count on the fingers of one of her pretty plump hands; she had coal mines in the North, and a tin mine in the West; she had the superbly appointed house in Grosvenor Square, furnished by the lamented Prothero; the dainty little villa at Cowes, designed and built by the never-too-much-to-be-regretted viscount; and to inherit all these things she had only one daughter, a fair-haired girl of twelve, born to her a few days before that fatal accident in the hunting field, which caused the viscount's death. Happily for the Zoophyte, this fair-haired young heiress, Julia Talmash Brading, was very fond of her uncle Regy. Not that he had ever done any thing to deserve her affection. He existed—that was the highest form of exertion of which this member of the coralline tribe was capable.

After that interview in Grosvenor Square, which might have been a stormy one had it been possible for one person to sustain the whole burden of a tempest, any more than it is possible for one person to perform a duet, Lady Talmash Brading vowed a terrible vow that she would never again pay her brother's debts. There were limits to a sister's generosity, she said, and he had gone beyond them. It would be a wrong done to her precious Julia, if she were to go on being imposed upon in this manner. Granted that she was rich, the wealth of all the Lydian kings, from Candaules downward, would scarcely have been enough to stand against such extravagance as Reginald Ravenscroft's. He was now clear of debt. He was set on his pins once more, to use the homely language of my lady's solicitor, and this last setting him on his pins had been a more expensive business than usual. She would allow him two hundred a year—fifty pounds a quarter, paid with unerring regularity—and she would do no more.

She kept her word. The Queen's Own Trumpeters were ordered off to Ireland about this time, much to the Zoophyte's aggravation. If that invertebrate creature could feel strongly upon any point, that point was his attachment to the metropolis. To the profoundest deeps of his nature he was a Cockney. Pall Mall and St. James's Street, with a rare excursus as far as Rotten Row, formed his world; and to be removed to barbarous and unknown regions beyond the reach of this world was the greatest hardship the Zoophyte had ever been called upon to endure. But even this trial could not arouse him to loud lamentations or violent demonstration of any kind. He was heard to utter faint moaning noises like the bleating of a distressed lamb, he swore a little harder than usual in his meek voice, and indeed invented one or two choice forms of execration under this unwonted pressure. He neglected his diet, was seen to take his *potage à l'Italien* without grated Parmesan, and didn't grumble at the non-appearance of those preliminary natives which he was wont to sacrifice to the gods, as it were, before beginning his dinner. Greater things might have befallen him unheeded in the anguish of this Hibernian exile.

They departed, however, the Queen's Own Trumpeters, in all their supernal splendor, and the Zoophyte had the comfort of knowing that he left the great city without leaving a creditor behind him.

"It's almost melancholy," he said; "if I were to die suddenly, who'd be sorry for me?"

The Trumpeters were in Ireland for the greater part of a year, and were then transferred to a small garrison town in Lancashire—rather a dreary place, where it might be supposed almost impossible for any man to get into debt. The Zoophyte received his quarterly allowance punctually, and accepted it meekly: he had never been known to refuse money: but he accepted it under mental protest. He found the quarterly remittance rather handy for the payment of his small losses at billiards and whist; and on one occasion, his wandering fancies being caught by a breast-pin exposed for sale in the chief jeweler's of the small garrison town, he bought and paid for the bauble on the spot. It was about the only transaction in his life in which he had ever employed ready money, and he informed his friends afterward that it afforded him a novel sensation.

"I felt that it was low," he said, "decidedly low. I felt myself sunk considerably in the social scale, to enter into a detail of that kind with a tradesman fellow, instead of paying him through my lawyer, in a gentlemanly manner."

While the Zoophyte endured his exile in Ireland and Lancashire, Lady Talmash Brading was for the greater part of the time traveling in Switzerland and Italy with her "precious Julia." For nearly two years, therefore, she had heard very little of her brother, who had a marked aversion to letter-writing.

"My sister's in Italy, you see," he would remark, plaintively, "and people who are away from England are so confoundedly selfish, they expect one to tell them such a lot in one's letters—so I find the only plan is not to write at all."

The brother and sister had not met since that morning in Grosvenor Square, when Leonora had vowed a vow that she would never pay Reginald's debts again, when Lady Talmash Brading and her daughter returned from the Continent, and came straight down to Brading Park.

It was midsummer, and the park and gardens were in all their June splendor: the hot-houses full of ripe purple grapes and rosy velvet-skinned peaches, ruddy nectarines and golden apricots; the kitchen-gardens running over with mellow-flavored peas, wonderful cucumbers, and late asparagus, to say nothing of two or three acres of strawberry beds, where the fresh green leaves lay lightly on beds of tan or straw, and where a weed would have been more difficult to find than the rarest orchid in the Botanical Dictionary. The Zoophyte was fond of Brading Park; he was especially fond of the kitchen-gardens. He liked to stroll with Julia through the hot-houses in the drowsy noontide, stopping now and then to finger the ponderous bunches of grapes with a thoughtful touch, anon to gaze dreamily on a row of pines, or to pluck a peach that seemed ready to drop into his mouth. He liked Brading Park—the house was a nice sleepy old place, with capacious sofas and easy-chairs in every available corner; sunny nooks in deep southwest windows where a man might doze over his morning paper; and in all the galleries and reception-rooms thick Axminster carpets that muffled the sound of passing footsteps. The Zoophyte liked Brading—he had his own particular suit of rooms there, and free quarters. Of course his military engagements had prevented his wearing out his welcome.

Brading seemed very rural and home-like and pleasant to Lady Talmash Brading and her daughter after those perpetual Italian hotels, with their gaudy gilded chambers, and eternal clocks and candelabra. Julia skipped about the gardens in an ecstasy.

"I think there have never been such flowers or such fruit as there are this year, mamma," she exclaimed. "There's only one thing I want to make me quite happy."

"And what is that, my dearest love?"

"Uncle Regy. He would *so* enjoy the peaches—you know how fond he is of peaches; and it is so nice to see him eat them—peeling them so slowly and deliberately with those lazy white hands of his."

"I don't think there is much chance of your seeing your uncle," replied Lady Talmash Brading; "I had occasion to be very much displeased with him when last we met—we had some words, in fact."

"Had words, mamma? Do you mean to say that Uncle Regy could possibly quarrel with any one?"

"Well, no, I don't know that Reginald said very much himself, but I said a great deal to him. I was in a passion, Julia, and spoke my mind very freely."

"What had he been doing, mamma?"

"Oh, the usual thing—getting over head and ears in debt, and then coolly flinging his embarrassments upon me."

The fair young heiress scarcely seemed shocked at this. She only shook her head in a deprecating way.

"We are so rich, mamma dear," she said, "we can afford to pay poor Uncle Regy's debts now and then. Military men always get into debt. Grandpapa ought not to have put him into such an expensive regiment as the Queen's Trumpeters."

"That's all very well, Julia, but it has been going on a great deal too long; and when last I saw your uncle, I told him that I should never pay his debts again; upon which he had the impertinence to threaten me that he would marry Miss Corks."

"What, mamma! the daughter of the fat brewer in Brading?"

"Yes, Julia; and there would be a disgrace. Mr. Corks's father was butler to my husband's grandfather, and the son began business in the smallest way in the world. They say he's enormously rich now, but a most ignorant, vulgar person. He's very popular in Brading, however, among a certain set, and I believe there are people who visit him."

"Miss Corks rides to hounds, mamma—I've seen her when we've been to see them break cover—rather a nice-looking girl, with wavy brown hair, and a rosy face. It's a pity she's too common for Uncle Regy to marry her."

"Too common—yes, I should think so. The idea of the Corks tribe fastening on us!"

"But they are not a very large tribe, mamma; Miss Corks is an only child, isn't she?"

"I believe so," Lady Talmash answered, coldly; "but that doesn't make the least difference. The thing is not to be heard of."

The next day was cloudless but sultry; not a breath stirred the roses on the lawn, or rippled the blue bosom of the lake. Lady Talmash and her daughter sat in the garden after luncheon, in a favorite spot under a mighty sycamore. They had work with them and books, but neither of them worked or read. It was the laziest possible weather.

"Just the sort of weather that Uncle Legy likes, mamma," said Julia, "when he can lie on the grass and bask. How he would enjoy Brading this delicious midsummer! I am so sorry to think of him in a nasty dull town in Lancashire."

She had not any prolonged cause for sorrow; for looking up at this very moment, she perceived the object of her thoughts walking slowly across the lawn toward her, with the air of having left the house half an hour or so before for an afternoon stroll. It was the Zoophyte's celebrated manner, placid and imperturbable to the last degree.

My lady was fairly taken aback by this apparition.

"Why, Reginald," she exclaimed, "what in Heaven's name brought you here?"

"The ten-o'clock express—leaves King's Cross at ten—a capital train. How d'ye do, Leonora? —how d'ye do, July? What a handsome girl you're growing! You take after your unfortunate uncle, you see, and not the Talmash Bradings. Your father might give you rank, my love, but he couldn't give you beauty. How sweet the old place looks—such a warm sleepiness about it!"

The Zoophyte dropped himself into one of the garden arm-chairs, and stretched out his legs with a complacent air. There was dust upon his boots. He had actually walked half a mile or so.

"I find myself getting fat," he said, in explanation of this unusual circumstance; "so, whenever I have an opportunity, I go in for violent exercise. I've walked from the station. I've got some luggage and that kind of thing there—perhaps you'll be good enough to send a trap for it. How are the grapes this year, July?"

"Julia," said her mother, rather stiffly, "go and tell one of the grooms to fetch your uncle's portmanteau."

"But, my dear Leonora, it isn't a portmanteau, it's luggage—large military cases and that kind of thing. You'd better send the biggest vehicle you've got. There's a good lot of it."

My lady opened her fine eyes to their widest extent.

"You mean to honor me with an unusually long visit, it seems," she said. "I thought the Trumpeters were in Lancashire."

"The Trumpeters are in Lancashire."

"And you have got leave of absence, I suppose?"

"No, my dear Leonora; I have placed myself in a position to be independent of leaves of absence. It's a deuced unpleasant thing asking for leave."

"What do you mean?"

"Simply that I have sold out. I disposed of my commission last week. The Trumpeters are still a very fine corps, but the flower of their flock is lost to them," added the Zoophyte, twirling his mustache.

"Sold out!" cried Lady Talmash Brading, aghast, "sold out!"

"Yes, my dear Leonora. It was your own suggestion. 'If you find the regiment too expensive,' you said with that stern common-sense which has always distinguished you, 'you ought to sell out.' I did find the regiment too expensive, and I have sold out. It was the only resource left me for paying my debts, in fact, since you had sworn never to pay them again."

"Your debts! Do you mean to say that you were in debt again?"

"My dear Leonora, do you suppose that there is no such thing as growth in a tailor's bill? Do you imagine that one's tobacconist's account is not subject to the common laws of progression? I had a two years' accumulation of debt to wipe off—my creditors were becoming clamorous, judging by the number of lawyers' letters which I received but did not read—and my only way of making a clean slate was to sell my commission."

"It is shameful," exclaimed my lady, in a passion, "it is positively infamous! In spite of the two hundred a year I have allowed you!"

"That two hundred a year was only an incentive to extravagance. It afforded me occasional supplies of ready money. Now I can do without ready money. In short, the two hundred a year demoralized me."

Lady Talmash gave an impatient sigh. She arose from her seat and began to pace up and down the shady patch of grass under the sycamore, as it was her habit to do when unpleasantly excited. Julia Brading twisted the cord and tassels of her little silk apron, and looked at her uncle with a piteous expression of countenance, longing to make him an offer of her pocket-money, or to do something for his consolation. The Zoophyte was the only person unmoved—he stretched his long legs to their fullest extent upon a neighboring bench, and dived into the pocket of his light overcoat for a splendid seal-skin cigar-case, almost big enough for a small portmanteau. Every thing appertaining to the Zoophyte was upon a large scale, and splendid in color and texture.

"You don't mind smoke out of doors, I know, Nora," he said, blandly, and began to puff away at an enormous rate.

His sister did not even condescend to notice the inquiry.

"What is to become of you?" she exclaimed at last: "that is the question—what is to become of you?"

"My dearest Leonora, I think that is a question that may fairly be relegated to the remote future. I am naturally a cautious man, and am not in a hurry to make any desperate plunge in life. In the mean time I can live with you—there is no objection to that, I suppose?"

"Of course not, Uncle Regy," cried Julia; "you can live with us.—He can live with us forever and ever, can't he, mamma? You know how I was wishing for him only yesterday."

"My darling Julia, you are a child, and don't know what you are talking about. So far as this place goes there are your uncle's rooms, and he will always be welcome to occupy them as long as he pleases. But at his age a man must do something and be something. It's preposterous to suppose that he can go on dawdling the rest of his life away here."

The Zoophyte yawned, and murmured that in his opinion no man ought to be expected to work after he was nine-and-twenty. Mr. Ravenscroft's nine-and-twentieth birthday had just gone by.

The end of it all was, that he stopped at Brading Park, and strolled in the hot-houses and ate ripe peaches, and played billiards with his niece. A wagon-load of chests and portmanteaus came from the railway station, and from these receptacles the Zoophyte produced the greatest marvels in the way of dressing-gowns and morning-coats and waistcoats and cravats that had ever been seen at Brading, to say nothing of a whole arsenal of meerschaum pipes, and a dainty little library of light French literature, with which and with numerous splendid dispatch-boxes, dressing-cases, and tobacco-chests he beautified and adorned his rooms—making them so comfortable, in fact, that it was hard to imagine he would ever be able to tear himself away from them.

CHAPTER III.

CAPTAIN RAVENSCROFT—the rule, once a captain always a captain, was allowed to hold good in his case—Captain Ravenscroft had been a year at Brading Park, and he had as yet made no attempt at a new beginning in life. Sometimes, when the viscountess questioned him upon the subject, he told her that he was thinking it over, or that he was looking about him; but nothing came either of his thinking or his looking. There he was, placid and even-tempered to an extreme degree, the idol of the servants, the delight of Lady Talmash Brading's visitors, but nevertheless an encumbrance and responsibility to the lady herself.

Again and again she returned to the charge. Could he not do something—at the bar, for instance? But the Zoophyte told her, with one of his lazily expressive shrugs, that by the time he had got through the preliminary business of the bar, he would be quite an old man. There was commerce, then, suggested the viscountess—the scions of many noble families had entered the commercial arena lately; could he not do something in sugar-broking, or ship-building, or something of that kind?

The Zoophyte pondered, and thought that he might perhaps travel in coals—there was not much commercial genius required for traveling in coals. The viscountess gave a little shriek of horror.

"Traveling in coals! Upon my word, Reginald, you are incorrigible."

"Then, if you are tired of me, let me marry Miss Corks," said the Zoophyte; "she's a very nice girl, and I really think she'd have me."

"Marry Miss Corks, by all means," cried the viscountess, indignantly; "but please consider yourself a stranger to me from the hour of your marriage."

"Oh, as far as that goes," replied the Zoophyte, coolly, "I don't suppose Miss Corks would have me unless you did the civil; a girl with a hundred thousand pounds won't enter a family to be despised—it isn't likely."

"And it isn't likely that I shall receive a brewer's daughter, whose grandfather was a servant in this house?" returned Lady Talmash Brading.

"I suppose not; but it's rather hard upon me," said the Zoo, with a faint moan; "she really is a very nice girl."

Mary Corks certainly was a nice girl, and a pretty girl into the bargain—a girl with frank, innocent blue eyes, a pert little nose slightly *retroussé*, a perfect rose-bud of a mouth, and all manner of artless winning ways that had gone straight home to the Zoophyte's heart. He had a heart, listless and inane as he seemed, and Mary Corks reigned therein. She had been very well educated, and, although her father and mother did make sad havoc of the Queen's English, was quite a lady: a good dutiful daughter too, fond and respectful in her demeanor toward the simple elderly people, and never ashamed of their shortcomings.

Yes, she was a dear little English maiden, and the Zoophyte was very fond of her. He had met her at subscription balls in Brading, and had danced with her a conspicuous number of times; he had ridden his quiet hack to cover, and seen her in her dark blue riding-habit, and coquettish hat with a scarlet feather. He had scraped acquaintance with old Corks one market-day—Corks had a profound reverence for the Talmash Brading family—and had been invited to dine at the big brand-new red-brick villa just outside Brading; a pile of building of the Gothic order, with library and billiard-room, smoking-room, and conservatories jutting out from the main edifice, and a quadrangular mass of stabling that was like a baronial castle.

Mr. Corks himself inhabited one small cozy little chamber looking on the poultry-yard—a room that had been intended for the housekeeper, and then discarded as too small. Here the great brewer spent the best part of his life, smoking his clay pipe, or studying his banker's book, or reading the newspapers, in a pleasant solitude. He called the room the Snuggery, and whenever Mary Corks had a favor to ask, she used to repair to this chamber.

Captain Ravenscroft dined a great many times at the Battlements—Mr. Corks's Gothic villa was called the Battlements—and he heard Mary sing and play, and played billiards with her after dinner in the great gothic billiard-room, with its big brass lamps and open oak roof. Sometimes there was a party, consisting of professional people from Brading, with a sprinkling of the smaller country gentry; sometimes there was no one; but there was always an excellent dinner and first-rate wines, and the Zoophyte liked the quiet homely evenings best. He didn't mind Mr. Corks's idiomatic English a bit. He thought Corks a hearty honest old fellow, and really liked him.

"I wish I had a fortune," he said to himself sometimes, despondently; "I shall seem such a mercenary scoundrel if I propose to that girl."

He did, however, propose to her. It wasn't possible to go on very long in her society and not tell her how much he loved her. Those winning ways of hers quite knocked him over, to use his own expression. So one evening in the billiard-room he was taken off his guard, somehow, and before he knew what he was doing, he had asked her to be his wife.

He had to press the question a little before he could get any decisive answer. At first she would only trifle with the billiard-balls with downcast eyes, evading all his questions; but at last she confessed that he was not quite indifferent to her—that she liked him just a little—well, more than a little—that she loved him very much.

"But there is papa to be thought of," she said, looking up at him shyly with her pretty blue eyes. "I don't think he'd ever consent; in fact, I'm sure he wouldn't, unless—"

"Unless what, darling?" (The Zoophyte had his arm round her waist by this time, and was looking down at the fair young face with an air of proprietorship.) "Unless what, dearest?"

"Unless Lady Talmash Brading were to use her influence with him. Papa has such a high opinion of her; and perhaps if he thought she wished it very much, he might give way."

The Zoophyte looked very blank for a moment, but it was only for a moment.

"She shall use her influence, Mary," he cried, resolutely. He felt quite desperate—felt as if he could drag his sister to the Battlements by main force, and make her sue to Mr. Corks, any thing rather than lose this dear girl, who was looking up at him so confidingly.

"Am I to tell papa?" she faltered, presently.

"Well, yes, darling. It's best to be all fair and above-board. Tell papa at once; and I'll tell my sister, and we'll see what she can do."

He was not very hopeful, but still he thought his sister could never be so atrociously cruel as to stand between him and a hundred thousand pounds. It seemed incredible.

But when he came to make his appeal, he found her obdurate. The idea of such an alliance was not to be tolerated for a moment.

"*I* use my influence to promote the match!" she exclaimed. "*I* stoop to that vulgar brewer! you must be demented to think of such a thing, Reginald. People who have risen from nothing at my very door—a girl whose grandfather was a servant!"

"She can't help that, you see, Nora; and she's a perfect lady, I give you my honor—as much a lady as Julia."

The viscountess gave a shriek.

"Yes; and my poor precious Julia is to enter life with the disgrace of a brewery tacked to her name—is to make her entrance into the great world associated with BEER!"

"What nonsense, Leonora! As if my wife's connections need affect Julia! All you have to do is to be civil to old Corks, and tell him you'll be glad to welcome his daughter as a member of your family. That kind of man sets such value upon rank, you'll be able to wind him round your finger. And she really is the dearest girl in the world, Nora."

"It is not to be heard of!" exclaimed the viscountess, decisively.

A day or two after this, Captain Ravenscroft received another invitation to dine at the Battlements. He opined that this meant business, and went there in some trepidation. The dinner went off pleasantly enough. Mary was very silent, and blushed a great deal, without adequate provocation, but looked her prettiest. After dinner the Zoophyte would fain have strolled off to the conservatories or the billiard-room, according to his usual custom, but Mr. Corks stopped him.

"I should like a word or two with you in my room, captain," he said, in a very friendly tone. "Johnson, take a bottle of Lafitte to the snuggery."

The butler obeyed, and led the way, carrying a massive silver salver, with the claret and two clear well-shaped glasses. It was a summer evening, and the snuggery was warm, not to say stuffy. Even the open window only admitted an odor of live poultry; but the Zoophyte didn't mind this. He felt that his future was at stake.

"Take some of that thin claret," said the brewer. "It's a better sort than I usually give you, though I don't give you bad. But I thought you should have the best to-night," he added, with a chuckle.

They filled their glasses. The brewer drained his at a draught; the Zoophyte sipped his wine in silence. He was very nervous.

"My little girl has been a-telling of me something," Mr. Corks began—"something about you. Now I want to know, first and foremost, are you in earnest?"

"Thoroughly in earnest—with all my heart and soul," replied the Zoophyte, with unwonted energy.

"And it ain't her money you're after, hay?" asked the brewer. "You like the girl for her own sake?"

"I love her so dearly, that I would marry her to-morrow, if she hadn't a penny."

"That's all very fine. But how would you keep her if she hadn't a penny, I should like to know? However, luckily, she'll have plenty. I can give her a handsome fortune without feeling the loss of the money. And I don't care about her marrying a rich man. I'm not the sort of fellow that wants to join money to money. My father spent his life among the nobility, and he taught me a respect for rank. Money's a very good thing in its way, but it's all the better when it's joined to rank. Now, all other points being agreeable, I shouldn't mind my daughter being sister-in-law to Lady Talmash Brading. It would sound well—'My sister the viscountess,' hay? You see, I'm a candid sort of a chap, and don't make any concealment of my feelings."

Captain Ravenscroft bowed. It seemed pretty smooth sailing so far; but there were rocks and shoals ahead, no doubt.

"Now the question is," said the brewer, "does your sister know of this?"

"She does," replied the Zoophyte, gravely.

"And does she approve of it?"

The Zoophyte hesitated.

"I have no doubt that she will approve ultimately," he said. "She can not fail to approve."

"Can not fail to fiddlestick!" cried Mr. Corks, impatiently. "I'm not a-going to let my girl marry into a grand family that will turn their noses up at her. If you expect to get my Mary, and my Mary's money, the viscountess must come here to me, and let me know that her heart goes with the business, and that she'll be a sister to my girl. There must be no shilly-shally about *that*. And now, Captain Ravenscroft, what may be the income upon which you intend to begin housekeeping?"

The Zoophyte was fain to confess that all his worldly wealth consisted of the two hundred per annum which his sister allowed him.

"Well, upon my word, you're a cool customer!" cried the brewer, with a good-natured laugh that was very re-assuring. "However, I'll tell you what I'll do with you. Let your sister allow you five hundred a year, and settle it upon you, so as she can't change her mind—it won't be much, but it 'll be something—and I'll give my girl fifty thousand down on the nail; settled upon herself and her children after her, of course."

"Of course," replied the Zoophyte.

"And let Lady Talmash Brading come to me in a friendly way, and talk the business over. I don't want no hole-and-corner work. If my Mary enters a high family, she must enter it like a lady."

Captain Ravenscroft promised that his sister should do all that was needful. And again he had that desperate feeling, that he would *make* her bow the knee before this resolute brewer rather than lose such a girl as Mary.

He went home that night not elated but grave. He knew that his sister was an obstinate woman, and that he had a difficult task before him. Early next morning he presented himself in her favorite room—a great sunny bow-windowed apartment, looking out upon the flower-garden. He presented himself before her, and stated his requirements in a business-like manner. It was a matter of life or death to him, he said, finally. He should be a blighted man if he did not marry Mary Corks.

His eloquence was all wasted. Lady Talmash was obdurate. It was not the five hundred per annum, though the request was certainly a cool one. She might have strained a point to give him that, had he been about to make an appropriate marriage; but she would never receive Mary Corks. She would never degrade herself in the sight of the county by alliance with that upstart brewer. She was very angry, as she was wont to be when the Corks question was mooted, and she said a great deal.

The Zoophyte heard her with his usual placidity. Even a matter of life and death could not goad him into the display of much emotion. The interview was a long one, and he used the strongest arguments he could think of; but to the end he was mild and tranquil. At the very last he said:

"Is that final, Leonora?"

"Quite final."

"Then I may as well wish you good-by. I shall leave the Park this afternoon."

Lady Talmash looked surprised.

"There is no occasion for that," she exclaimed. "I have no quarrel with you, Reginald. I am very inflexible upon the subject of Miss Corks. There is no occasion for you to go away."

"I beg your pardon, my dear Leonora. You have often reproached me with my want of energy—my disinclination to enter upon a new career. I begin to feel that your reproaches were well founded, and I have made my plans for placing myself in a position to earn my own living."

"Indeed! you surprise me, Reginald. This is rather a new idea, is it not?"

"Well, yes; it is rather a new idea," answered the Zoophyte, calmly.

"And what line have you chosen—any thing in the commercial way?"

"Yes; the business is commercial."

"Nothing horrid, I hope," cried the viscountess, with an alarmed look. "Not traveling in coals, or any thing of that kind?"

"Oh no: there's no traveling—it's quite a stationary business, and clean. I really think I shall like it."

"You are very mysterious, Regy; you might just as well tell me frankly what you are going to do."

"I'll tell you all about it, if I succeed. In any case, you must take it as a compliment that I am anxious to follow your advice."

"I suppose so; but I should like to have been more in your confidence. However, I dare say it's all right. At any rate, I can tolerate any thing sooner than your marrying Miss Corks."

The Zoophyte smiled; it was scarcely a smiling matter, but he decidedly smiled. "I'm sorry you're so prejudiced on that point," he said. "Good-by."

"You're going up to town by the next train?"

"Well, no, not by the next—I'm going away very soon, though. You don't mind my leaving the bulk of my luggage here, do you, Nora?"

"Of course not. You can consider those rooms always your own."

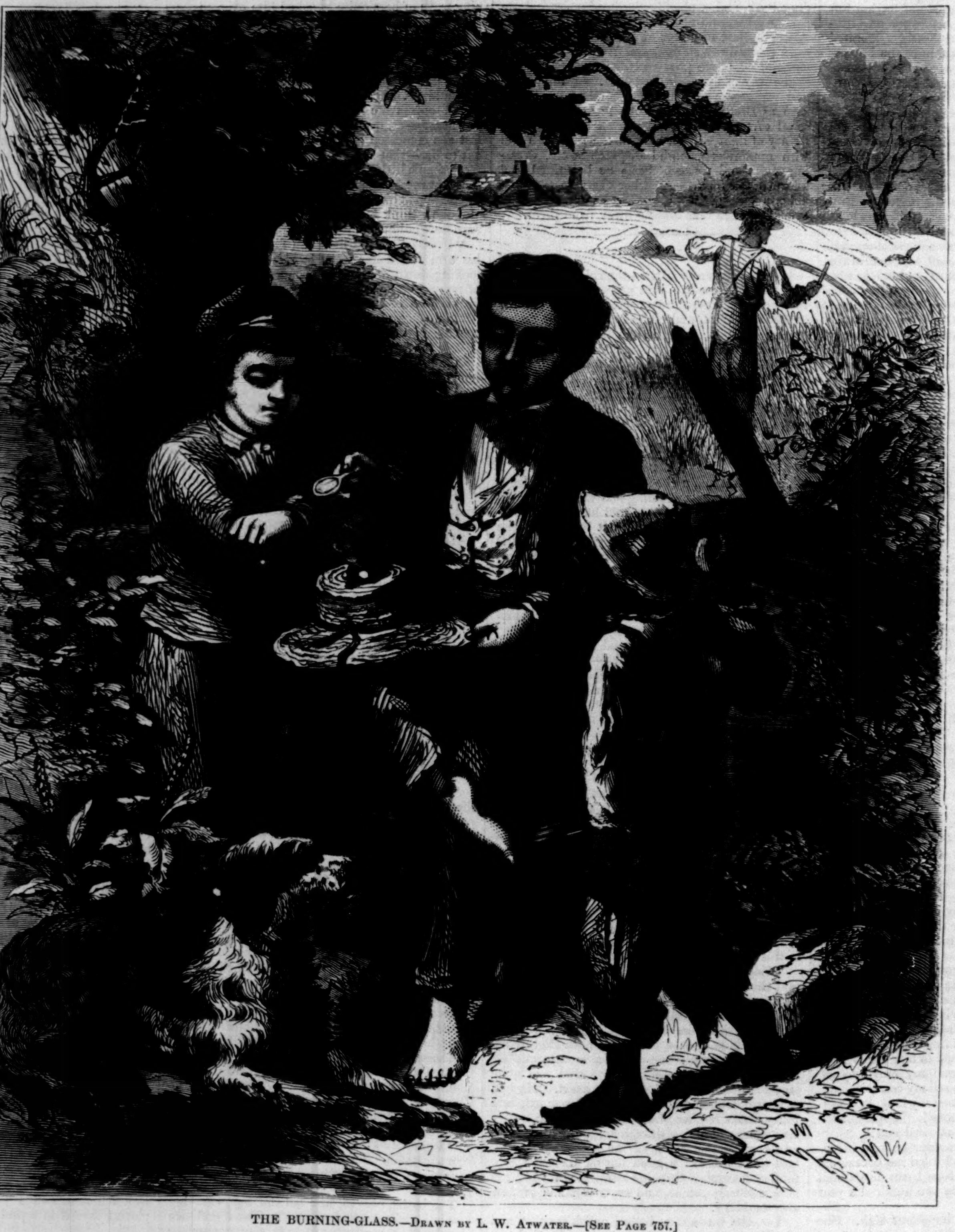
They shook hands, kissed each other even, a display of affection, to which they were not particularly given, and parted. Captain Ravenscroft packed a portmanteau and carpet-bag, and carried them away with him in a Brading fly. He declined to avail himself of the Park stables for his exodus, and the Park servants said there had been a quarrel between the captain and his sister.

"I don't know about that," said one of the house-maids; "I was cleaning the yellow room all the time they was a-talking in my lady's morning-room, and I didn't hear high words between 'em."

"You'd never hear high words from the captain," answered the housekeeper; "it isn't in him. But take my word for it there's been a quarrel, or the captain wouldn't be going away all of a sudden like this."

The Zoophyte contrived to evade any farewell between himself and Julia.

He was tender-hearted upon some subjects, and his niece was one of them.


THE BURNING-GLASS.—Drawn by L. W. Atwater.—[See Page 757.]

◆

CHAPTER IV.

For a fortnight Lady Talmash Brading heard nothing of her brother. In the depths of her heart she was glad that he was gone, though she dared not own as much to Julia, who sorely bemoaned Uncle Regy's departure. The Corks affair was off: that was the grand point in the mind of the viscountess. She was not very well during that fortnight—had a slight attack of summer influenza or hay fever, and took numerous mild sedatives and saline draughts furnished by the most courteous and sympathetic of provincial doctors. She was a prisoner to the house, therefore, and Julia staid at home with her, and was not to be lured away by the brightest days. Toward the end of the fortnight Lady Talmash surprised her own maid looking at her once or twice in a curious way, as if there was some revelation she would like to make if she dared. The housekeeper, too, had a peculiar manner one morning when she held a conference with her mistress. Once, too, Lady Talmash actually saw the butler—the grave elderly butler, who looked like a pillar of the state in his respectable solemnity—exchange a subdued grin with his subordinate, as if their minds were burdened with some common joke. The subordinate—as inferior in breeding to his chief—even gave a suppressed chuckle and splutter, and was fain to busy himself suddenly at the sideboard in order to hide his guilty countenance from Lady Talmash Brading's majesty.

"Some vulgar village joke, no doubt," she thought; "but if that man laughs again, he must go."

At last the viscountess was pronounced well enough to go out. She took longer to get well, of course, than a common person, and the Brading surgeon was as punctilious and solemn as if she had been at death's door.

"You really might take a run in your pony-carriage, my lady;" and then he added, in a strange, downcast way, "but I wouldn't go far, I wouldn't expose myself to fatigue or worry just yet. A drive in the park now would be best."

"I hate prowling about the park," my lady answered, impatiently. "If I go out at all, I shall go for a long drive. A park ought to be twenty miles round at least for it to be tolerable to drive in. Julia, put on your hat, and tell Perkins to bring me my things."

The Brading practitioner dared not remonstrate: he murmured something about "care," and not staying out too long for the first time; and then took his polite departure. As he was crossing the hall, and afterward in his carriage, he indulged in a suppressed chuckle, very much like the under butler's.

"It's to be hoped she won't drive into Brading," he said to himself; "if she does there'll be the devil to pay."

Lady Talmash did drive into Brading. She took a pleasant country round, first through green lanes where the dogroses were in their glory, and then came homeward through Brading High Street. It was a pleasant, gay-looking street enough, with old gable ends and latticed windows in the upper stories, and here and there a house decorated with elaborate wood-work carved into heraldic devices—a house that had been occupied by some notable citizen in days gone by.

Half-way down, the street opened out into a wide square market-place, with a piazza and clock-tower in the centre; and just here there was a sharp corner, where the pavement was narrow, and the shop-fronts seemed to butt out upon the road in a rather aggressive manner. When Lady Talmash Brading's pony-carriage came to this point, Julia, whose quick eyes roamed every where, gave a little cry of surprise.

"Look, mamma!" she exclaimed; "there's a new pork shop, such a nice one!"

"Julia, I wish you would not call out in that way—about new pork shops, too—it's so absurd."

There was a heavy wagon in front of them just at this moment, and Lady Talmash was fain to rein in her eager ponies. She had leisure to look listlessly up at the shop.

It was a pork butcher's, with tender young piglings hanging before the window, and sausages in dainty-looking baskets inside—a most attractive-looking pork butcher's—and on the board above the window was painted in conspicuous characters the name of Reginald Ravenscroft.

Yes, it was there! It was not a diabolical delusion like the cat and the skeleton and the gentleman usher in Sir Walter Scott's Demonology—it was not an awful dream. The inscription was there—"Reginald Ravenscroft, Pork Butcher." And hanging in the windows there were placards announcing "Dairy-fed Pork," "Fine Cambridge Sausages fresh daily;" and so on.

The viscountess flung the reins to her daughter and sprang out of the carriage. She who had never before entered a provision shop of less distinction than Morel's or Fortnum & Mason's, walked straight through the narrow door of the pork butcher's, her silken skirts actually brushing against a little tin tray of mysterious edible lumps, simmering in grease, and labeled "Ducks, a penny each."

My lady saw the ducks and shuddered. They diffused a savory odor of sage and onion, and on the counter inside there was a large roasted leg of pork, with accompaniments.

It was market-day, and Reginald Ravenscroft, pork butcher, was not above turning an honest penny by the sale of a cooked joint. The smell of the shop made Lady Talmash feel very faint, but she could not turn any paler than she was when she entered it. She had been white with anger when she stepped out of her pony-carriage.

Reginald Ravenscroft, pork butcher, was standing behind his counter in a clean white apron, looking the very image of placid contentment.

"Pray, may I ask the meaning of this degrading absurdity?" demanded the viscountess, in a voice that was tremulous with rage.

"Certainly, my dear Leonora. I am quite ready to explain my motives. You urged me to make a position for myself, and I ultimately resolved to do so. I did not feel that I had a genius for the higher walks of commerce, but I did consider myself a good judge of pork. This shop was to let, and people hereabout told me a pork butcher's was wanted. And I must say that the business has been remarkably brisk since I opened the place last week. Those ducks, now, in the tin at the door—they're the things Londoners call fagots—you've no idea how they go off at a penny; and there's a profit upon them, though you'd hardly believe it. Have a duck; let me get you a clean plate, and try a duck. They're uncommonly savory. I make them myself."

Lady Talmash did not deign to notice this polite offer. Two stalwart country fellows came in at this moment and bought some roast pork. It was a pleasant sight to see the Zoophyte slicing the leg, not forgetting the stuffing and the gravy, and giving change for half a crown with a thoroughly business-like air. When the men were gone, Lady Talmash returned to the charge.

"Now, Reginald," she began, sternly, "will you be good enough to explain?"

"My dearest creature, I *have* explained," he answered, in his blandest manner. "What more can I say? It was necessary that I should do something, and this business suits me. You can't imagine what an endearing animal a pig is, considered as dairy-fed pork. As bacon he's large and uninteresting—runs into rashers, and becomes monotonous; but there's a really artistic pleasure in cutting up such pork as that," said the Zoophyte, patting a pink-looking loin. "And then there's the sucking pig—see what a variety he imparts to the business."

"Is this meant for a joke, Reginald? If so, it is a most contemptible one."

"A joke!—not at all. I was never more serious in my life. You prevented my marriage with the dearest little girl in the world, who would have brought me fifty thousand pounds, and you upbraided me on the subject of my disinclination to get my own living. It was time I should do something. I am sorry your repugnance to the beer trade extends to the pig trade also."

"Oh, I see," said my lady, indignantly, "this is an act of revenge."

"I won't admit that, Leonora; but it is an act of self-assertion. You wouldn't let me marry Mary Corks, so I have taken to pork as a consolation."

"I will allow you five hundred a year," said Lady Talmash, impetuously—"settle it upon you—if you'll abandon this most degrading course."

"Thanks; this is a very generous offer, but I really would rather rely upon my own exertions and pigs. You see I have only just discovered that I can get my own living."

Lady Talmash argued and protested, but it was no use. The Zoophyte, after his own tranquil fashion, was as firm as a rock. He was really attached to the pork trade, he repeated, with a calm persistence that was exasperating to the last degree.

The viscountess drove home in dead silence. Even the much-indulged Julia dared not question her, her countenance was too awful. For a week she did nothing, but day and night she was pursued by the image of her brother Reginald Ravenscroft selling pork to the commonalty of Brading—the late captain of the Queen's Own Trumpeters, in shirt-sleeves and a white apron, cutting up pigs!

After enduring this for a week, Lady Talmash found that she could bear it no longer. She must do something, any thing, to put an end to the unspeakable humiliation. She ordered her carriage and drove to Brading High Street, and went once more into the neat little pork shop—past the tray of "Ducks, a penny each."

The Zoophyte was behind his counter in snow-white shirt-sleeves and spotless apron.

She could only use the same arguments that she had employed before. She was willing to allow him five hundred a year—six—seven—eight hundred even, if he would abandon that degrading employment.

The Zoophyte shrugged his shoulders.

"Bring Mary Corks here and let her ask me to give up the business," he said, decisively. "There is no one else who could wean me from pigs."

"What, humiliate myself to those Corks people, after all I have said?" cried Lady Talmash.

"Either that or endure my connection with pork. I really can't see that it's any discredit to you. It's a very clean business."

The viscountess was vanquished. It was a hard thing to bow the knee, as it were, to Mr. Corks the brewer; but any thing was preferable to this pork business, this open scandal, which of course had set all Brading talking about her, and had provoked her very menials to audacious grinning in her superb presence. She told her coachman to drive straight to the Battlements; and half an hour after her interview with the Zoophyte she was seated in the gorgeous new drawing-room, where all the furniture looked as if it had just come out of the upholsterer's shop, talking to Mr. and Mrs. Corks.

She could be very charming when she chose, and the brewer and his wife yielded immediately to her fascination. She was candor itself—told them frankly of the prejudice against trade, and the unworthy means that Captain Ravenscroft had taken to break through it.

"It is a rum start, certainly," said Mr. Corks, "and there's been a deal of talk about it."

The viscountess shivered a little—that she should ever seek a matrimonial alliance with a family whose head talked of "a rum start!"—but the image of the pork butcher's shop was in her mind, and she smiled one of her sweetest smiles.

"We must get him to abandon this folly, Mr. Corks," she said: "now I know that your pretty daughter has more influence with him than any one else; she must persuade him to give up pork-butchering, and when they are married I will settle five or six hundred a year upon him."

"And you'll receive my girl as a member of your family, hay, my lady? You won't go and turn your back upon her directly she's married?"

"No, Mr. Corks, I am not capable of that. If your daughter marries my brother with my approval, I shall treat her as a sister."

"Then it's a bargain, my lady," cried Corks. "Mary's desperate fond of the captain, and she shall have him. I said I wouldn't consent to the match unless you were agreeable to it, and I've kept my word. But the girl's been going on anyhow, and has talked about that pork butcher's shop as if it was the greatest thing that was ever done—like going aboard a life-boat or heading a forlorn hope, or summat of that sort."

Miss Corks came into the room presently, looking so blooming and so pretty, and behaving with such perfect propriety, that Lady Talmash could not help being pleased with her. She bore the girl off in her carriage at once and drove back to the pork shop, where there was a brief and animated little scene performed between the Zoophyte and the two ladies.

The shutters went up that afternoon, and the name of Reginald Ravenscroft was painted out upon the space above them. Captain Ravenscroft and Miss Corks were married six weeks afterward. Mary has been presented at court by her sister-in-law, and Brading Park and the Battlements have exchanged dinners, much to the delight of Mr. and Mrs. Corks. The captain has furnished a dear little house in Mayfair, where he lives very happily with his pretty young wife and the society he likes, running down to Brading occasionally, to be received with all honor at the Battlements or the Park. The pork-butcher business will be remembered at Brading to the end of time, but it is popularly supposed the captain did the thing for a wager.

THE BURNING-GLASS.

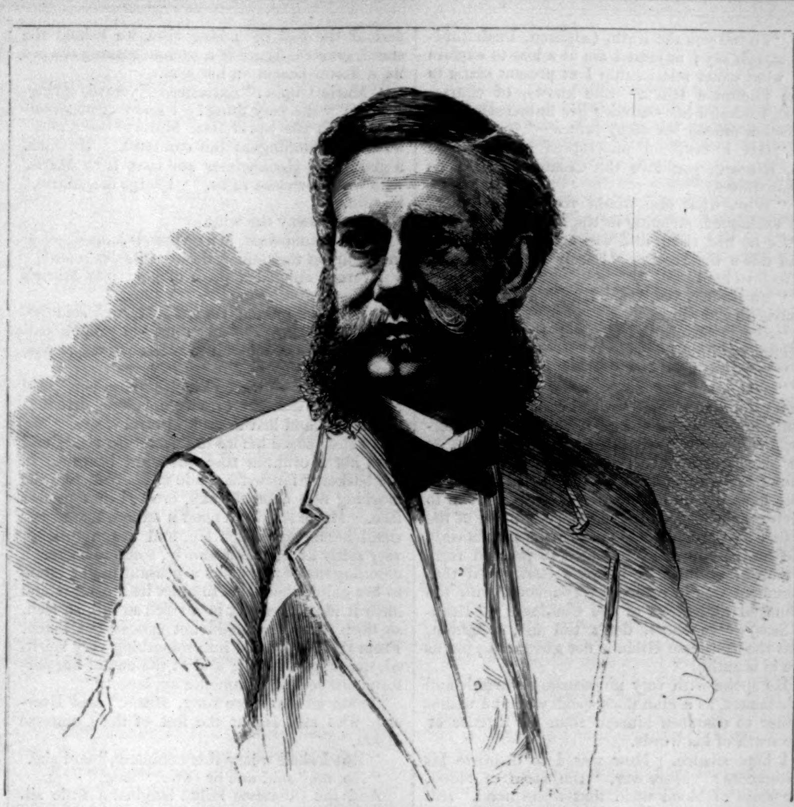
THE burning-glass, or, as it is sometimes called, the sun-glass, is a convex lens; that is, it is thicker in the middle than at the edges. If the rays of the sun are allowed to pass through the lens, the outer ones will be bent inward toward those which pass through the centre, each in proportion to its distance from that point, so that they will all meet at a certain point called the *focus*. Such a lens, if large enough and of true form, may be made to furnish a good deal of amusement on a bright warm day in summer, as the rays concentrated through it produce sufficient heat to set fire to paper, cloth, or soft dry wood. Our little country friends in the picture on the opposite page are experimenting with such a lens on an old straw hat.

Boys sometimes use a sun-glass to flash gunpowder off. Some years ago there was a small cannon in the garden of the Palais Royal, in Paris, with a lens fixed above it in such a position that precisely at noon the focus of the lens should come over the priming and fire the gun. It was a very pretty toy. Of course the position of the lens had to be changed a little every day to follow the movement of the sun.

THE HON. H. C. DIBBLE.

THIS gentleman, whose portrait is given on this page, holds the position of Judge of the Eighth Judicial District of Louisiana, and also that of President of the Public School Board in New Orleans. He was born at Delphi, Indiana, November 8, 1844, and is consequently but twenty-six years of age. Deprived by death of his father while still a child, he had few advantages of education beyond those afforded by the common schools. He learned the printer's trade, at which he was working when the Southern rebellion broke out. Though but sixteen years of age, he at once enlisted as a private in an Indiana regiment, and served faithfully until the siege of Port Hudson, where he lost a leg.

A relative in New Orleans gave him a home and the means and opportunity to complete his studies. In 1865 he was admitted to the bar. Soon afterward he began to take an active part in politics, and displayed considerable ability as an orator and party manager. As soon, however, as reconstruction became a fixed fact in Louisiana he devoted himself wholly to the practice of law, and was employed by the State in several important suits arising out of the new order of things. In 1870 he was appointed to the bench.



HON. HENRY C. DIBBLE, OF NEW ORLEANS.

Judge DIBBLE takes an active interest in public education, and is a strong friend of common schools for all classes of people. His influence in this direction is exceedingly salutary throughout the State.

IN THE BLACK FOREST.

I.

DURING a solitary tour which I took some three or four years ago in Germany I one morning received the following laconic epistle from my friend Everard Conyers:

> "HÔTEL DES QUATRE SAISONS, W——, *June* 3, 186–.
>
> "DEAR OLD FELLOW,—If this reaches you at Heidelberg, as I hope it will, and you are able to tear yourself away from the delights of Prince Rupert's Tower, and the inebriated riots of the enlightened Teutonic students, spare me a day or two at W——.
>
> "I am no longer, literally speaking, tied here by the leg; but what say you if other ties have thrown their noose around me? I want you to help me with your advice as to whether or not I shall rivet them around my neck once and forever!
>
> "I will engage a room for you at my hotel. Come, there's a good fellow!—Yours, etc.,
>
> "EVERARD CONYERS."

For the last seven or eight years of our lives Everard Conyers and I had been fast friends, and there were few or none in the world dearer to me than he. Nor did I stand altogether alone in this partiality, for Everard's attractions were such as neither young nor old, as a rule, either resisted or attempted to resist.

To say that he was young, handsome, and brilliant, of good fortune, connections, and gentlemanly tastes, is merely to mention certain qualifications which he shared with others; but beyond this there was about Everard Conyers an almost womanly tenderness, of which many a one—and I fear some of the fairer creation to their cost—had experienced the charm.

I arrived at W—— the evening of the day on which I received Conyers's letter.

After dinner we went out together to the gardens of the Kursaal.

He was delighted to see me, dear old fellow, and looked better than I had expected to see him. He had, so he said, entirely recovered from the rheumatic affection (brought on by lying on the wet grass after cricketing) to cure which he had first visited W——.

Therefore I imagined his prolonged stay to be solely occasioned by the "other ties" to which he had alluded in his letter.

He did not, however, mention the subject at dinner, but talked very fast on a variety of irrelevant points, and professed an immense appetite; and I, for my part, was quite satisfied that he should choose his own time and manner of making me his confidant.

There was a ball that night in the great hall of the Kursaal: such a ball as frequently occurs at W——; by no means a dressed affair, no toilet being considered necessary for the occasion beyond the removal of hat or bonnet on the part of the young ladies; while between the dances the performers strolled about amidst the crowd outside the Kursaal, and drank coffee and ate ice beneath the trees.

Conyers had a ticket for the ball; but after standing with me for a moment or so behind the screen which on this evening, for the accommodation of the dancers, divided the great hall from the rest of the apartments, he declared the orchestra, stationed in the gallery above, to be intolerably loud and "bruyant," and drew me on to a room at the side, from whence proceeded the unmistakable chink of money, quite audible amidst the noise of pattering feet, the hum of voices, and the undulating rise and fall of the Strauss waltz.

"Playing high to-night," said he, after a minute or so, during which he and I had stationed ourselves among the spectators at one of the gambling-tables.

So saying, he threw down a napoleon. The ball in the middle of the table pursued its course with the usual dull rattle; and Everard's napoleon, in company with many another, fell a prey to the long rake of the croupier.

He tried another, and another, then two, and lost persistently; shrugged his shoulders slightly, took my arm, and walked away.

"No luck to-night," said he. "I sadly want *her* to tell me the lucky numbers."

"Do you indulge in much of this kind of sport, then, if sport you call it?" said I.

He looked in my face and laughed.

"Well, no; merely as an amusement—at least not systematically. My dear fellow, if you'd been at W—— as long as I, you'd have discovered a turn at the tables quite a necessity of life—in fact the only thing *to* do; there's nothing else beyond mooning in the gardens and making excursions to the forest, both of which become monotonous after a time—at least they did so till—"

Here he broke off suddenly, perceiving an acquaintance in an adjoining apartment.

"I'll be back in a minute," said he. "I want to speak to that fellow, and ask if he and his will be of my party to-morrow."

Left alone, I strolled out into the gardens amidst the gayly dressed crowd. The evening was hot; but there either was or seemed to be a certain coolness by the side of the artificial lake which lies in front of the Kursaal.

Sitting here, my attention was presently attracted by a figure coming toward me.

It was that of a flower-girl. She was petite, evidently French, and in age I should say somewhere about thirty, simply dressed in some dark color, and wearing at her side a little leathern pouch, into which those who took a rose from the basket she held upon her arm put what return they chose.

I have said that she was small, and her face was pale, almost sallow; but many a high-born lady might have envied the simple dignity, the innate grace, of her bearing; and when she smiled she was charming.

Some among the crowd appeared known to her, and she had a smile or a word or two for all these; but to strangers, or those perhaps whom she considered too pressing in their attentions, she was gravity and decorum itself.

But above this, she had a story in her face. I felt sure of it, as I watched her coming slowly toward me among the crowd, a kind of questioning, searching look in her great eyes, as if she sought for some one or something, and this habit from long use had, as it were, grown into and become part of her life. I held out my hand for a rose, still keeping my eyes on her face—I fear rather too intently for good manners—and as I did so I saw it change; the pale face became if possible a shade paler, and a kind of sudden fire or intense light shone in her eyes.

She was looking beyond me, and almost involuntarily I followed the direction of her eyes with mine, and saw Everard Conyers, and by his side two ladies: one oldish, and quite magnificently attired, even among that gorgeous assembly, in purple silk and lace; the other a young lady, all in snowy white, most delicately fair, and in form and feature simply the most beautiful woman my eyes had ever rested on.

"Monsieur désire-t-il une rose?"

I lifted my eyes to the pale face of the flower-girl, took the rose she gave me, and put something into her little leathern pouch.

As she passed away Conyers's voice at my side said,

"Leighton, you must let me present you to Madame la Comtesse de Beauvilliers, and to her daughter, la Comtesse Hilda. Madame"—to the old lady—"this is my best earthly friend; let me entreat of you," he added, laughing, "to bestow upon him some portion of the favor, and of you, Comtesse Hilda, some of the smiles, which have of late days made me the happiest among mortals!"

"Mais, monsieur, j'en serai enchantée," said the Comtesse de Beauvilliers, extending her hand to me à l'Anglaise, while the Comtesse Hilda honored me with a profound and graceful reverence, but said nothing.

Immediately afterward I found myself walking up and down in company with the old comtesse, Everard and the daughter strolling on together in front.

Madame la Comtesse was very gracious and affable, and very full of conversation, which she conducted in a mixture of French and broken English.

Was this my first visit to W——?

No, I had known it in former years.

She had done the same. For her part, she was heartily sick of the place; and if it were not for a certain "soupçon de la rheumatisme," and because the air suited the delicate health of her daughter, la Comtesse Hilda, she would not remain there another hour: it was a "wicked place, les morales y étaient très basses." How very seldom, for instance, it was your fate at W—— to make the acquaintance of a young man like my esteemed friend Monsieur Everard Conyers—a young man "enfin si frais, si pur, si comme il faut"—so different, in fact, from the general run of W—— society!

So he may be, thought I; but I very much doubt, Madame la Comtesse, whether even his purity, however great, will long stand the contaminating influence of society such as yours and that of your daughter.

For as she talked and rambled sweetly on, and at length, though very cautiously, slid from the contemplation of Everard's moral qualities to the far more important question of his social position in England, and the extent of his income, trying—though, as I flatter myself, in vain—to obtain from me some precise idea as to what they might be, I brought both eyes and ears to bear pretty acutely upon her, and with even greater intentness upon the fair and faultless vision moving in front of me.

In some early paintings the Evil Spirit who first tempted our parents to sin is represented with a serpent's body, indeed, surmounted, however, by the head and shoulders of a faultlessly beautiful woman; and in the perfect lines of the perfect face there is nothing even to suggest wickedness or guile, far less degradation, shame, and that great mystery—death; nothing to provoke a shudder or cause distrust save the one fact that the beautiful mask *is* a mask, quite expressionless, apparently immovable.

Some such reminiscence or uncomfortable idea as this floated through my mind as I watched the Comtesse Hilda walking by the side of Everard Conyers.

She listened, indeed, and answered and smiled; but the smile was the smile of the lips—not the eyes—and displayed to perfection the pearly even teeth in all their symmetry and whiteness.

And yet she was beautiful; and it seemed to me that her beauty dazzled the eyes and burned into the very soul of Everard Conyers.

I could see him grow more earnest and low-toned in what he said to her; and there was a kind of tender, impassioned look in his honest blue eyes, for which, indeed, her face seemed to possess the attractions of a magnet.

In the distance the undulating sounds of the Strauss waltz swelled and sank upon the breeze, and the moon rose high and solemnly above the trees of the garden.

Madame la Comtesse mère, basilisk-eyed, played her part to perfection, keeping well behind, and eying the pair—so it seemed to me—much as a hungry spider might eye a couple of fat and well-conditioned flies hovering upon the verge of the fatal web.

After a time, however, she appeared to weary of my conversation; and well she might, considering the meaningless platitudes with which I favored her; but whether she set me down as half knave or half fool I do not know.

Certain personages among the crowd enjoyed the honor of Madame la Comtesse's acquaintanceship. Some she greeted with a stately bend of recognition; with others she was empressée in the extreme; and one, a young effacé-looking man, with a handsome face and a general air of effeteness and satiety about him, she introduced to me as Monsieur le Comte, her son.

At length Madame la Comtesse became suddenly affected by a violent "crise de toux," and shortly after this the Comtesse Hilda and her companion turned round so as to meet us; whereupon the Comtesse mère declared it time to leave the festive scene of the Kursaal and return home.

Everard, who had at first appeared a good deal crest-fallen at the idea, consoled himself by reflecting that the day of his fête-champêtre had well-nigh set in, for it was already close on midnight.

"Will four o'clock in the afternoon suit you, Madame la Comtesse?" said he; "the heat will not be too great in the forest at that hour, and I promise to provide amusement for you as far as I can, and, at any rate, eatables, among the sylvan shades. The Comtesse Hilda will, I expect, appear as a wood dryad," added he, smiling at her.

The three departed together, Everard escorting the ladies home.

I promised to meet him at the hotel on his return, and in the mean while strolled along the quiet paths by the side of the water, meditating on what I had seen, and considering what I should say to Conyers were he to ask my advice and opinion on the subject.

The man's in love, I reflected, and therefore no words of mine—did I possess the tongue of Demosthenes and the wisdom of Socrates—are likely to make much difference to him; he will simply put me down as dense and prejudiced and, it may even be, jealous.

"Monsieur," said a voice.

I started and looked round. At my side stood the flower-girl, very pale, very quiet, very composed.

"Monsieur," said she, "you are a friend to Monsieur Everard Conyers?"

I said I was, too much astonished to say any thing else.

"I can read faces," said she, "and I trust yours."

Seeing, perhaps, a shade of suspicion, or at least amazement, in my expression at being thus accosted, she went on:

"I know what you would say. You wish to know who I am, and what Monsieur Everard Conyers and his affairs can be to me." (She spoke very slowly, pronouncing her words carefully and distinctly, as one who wished to make herself understood.) "I will tell you. I am a poor flower-girl, and my name is Marie Dupin. Once, a year ago, I was in danger, and quite defenseless. I thought for a moment there was no one in the wide world to help me. Monsieur Conyers rescued me, monsieur; if he had been my own brother he could not have done so more nobly or more generously; and I would give my life for him, and think I did but pay a rightful debt."

As she spoke the color rose to her cheeks, and made her for the moment positively beautiful.

"But, Marie," said I, "what is the danger from which you would at present save Monsieur Conyers?"

"Monsieur," she answered, quietly, "from the hands of the wicked Comtesse de Beauvilliers, and from those of her beautiful and worthless daughter."

"And have you, then, proofs," said I, "that the Comtesse de Beauvilliers is wicked, or, I will say, designing, and her daughter worthless?"

"I have," she answered, "deadly proofs. But let me, in return, monsieur, ask you a question. Has Monsieur Conyers much money—very much?"

"He has a good fortune, and certain expectations," I answered, half unconsciously, speaking the exact truth to this flower-girl, as if she had been the tried associate of my life. But something in her earnestness and simplicity impressed me in spite of myself.

"Ah, it is as I thought!" said she. "They will suck him like a leech, ruin him for this world and the next, if they could; and then, unless the Comtesse Hilda thinks the remains of his fortune sufficiently large, she will throw him away like an empty husk or a worn-out shoe."

"But I must hear more of this," I exclaimed. "You believe, then, the comtesse and her daughter to be mere adventurers—trading on the good faith and evident admiration of Monsieur Conyers—tempting him to gamble, and perhaps lend them money for the same purpose. You do not suspect the Comtesse Hilda of ulterior designs—in fact, that she intends, if possible, to become the wife of Monsieur Conyers?"

"I can not say, monsieur," answered Marie, quietly. "The Comtesse Hilda has been tossed about in the world for many a long day; she may wish to secure a home for herself, and imagine Monsieur Conyers to be in a position to provide her with one. But Heaven knows she shall not attain her end unobstructed while I live to tear from his eyes the bandage which she has drawn around them! I tell you, monsieur, that on her white hand there's the stain of blood!"

"The stain of blood!" I repeated.

Marie nodded, and her great eyes filled with tears.

"Do not ask me whose," she said; "for his sake, perhaps, I might have spared her—for he loved her. I do not ask revenge; I only ask to save the man who once saved me; and that, Heaven helping me, I will do speedily. But it grows late, and I must leave you. Good-night, monsieur!"

"Stay, Marie," said I—"let me beg of you to stay. The truth of your suspicions can not fail to be of paramount importance to me on account of my friend. Can you give me no clew, no hint, as to their nature and extent?"

"Not to-night, monsieur!" she said, simply. "Nor shall my lips accuse the Comtesse Hilda. Her own lips, her own eyes, shall do that, and you will then be convinced that what I speak is truth. Farewell!"

In another minute Marie Dupin had disappeared in the darkness.

II.

On my return to the hotel I found Everard, to whose apartment I went, had arrived there before me.

He was stamping about the room in a state of perplexity and impatience, so it appeared. One or two open letters, evidently just arrived, lay about, and to the contents of these I attributed this sudden change of mood, for which I should otherwise have been at a loss to account.

"Ah, sit down, old fellow," said Everard, pushing a chair toward me and throwing himself into another. "Well, are you going to congratulate me? Don't you think I'm one of the luckiest men alive?"

"Before I answer that question, Everard," said I, laughing, or attempting to laugh, "I must know precisely on what point my congratulations are expected."

"To tell you the truth, Leighton, I can hardly myself say; at least I am at a loss to explain in what exact relationship I at present stand to the Comtesse Hilda. She knows, of course, that I admire her—admire her immensely; but whether among her many lovers—"

"Her lovers!" I interrupted him. "And so, Everard, you love the Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers?"

"Why, what else would you have me do?" he exclaimed, stopping in the midst of his walk—for he had risen, and was again tramping up and down the room. "Surely to see her only is to love her!"

"To *see* her, yes," said I, with a marked emphasis on the word.

"She is beautiful," pursued Everard, as if talking to himself.

"Most beautiful."

"And good and sweet as she is beautiful. Don't tell me, because the old countess may not come into all one's ideas—is foolish, vain, mercenary, if you will—because she has brought up her daughter in this style of place (and Heaven knows there can't be a worse)—because maybe they have got into difficulties, having no one to advise them" (here his eye glanced at one of the letters on the table, which, from its penmanship and business-like air, I judged to proceed from a man of business or lawyer's clerk, as if that document was in some way connected with the moneyed difficulties of the Comtesse de Beauvilliers)—"in short, don't tell me, Leighton, that the Comtesse Hilda is not good and pure as she is beautiful!"

He spoke with very unnecessary warmth and vehemence, as a man does speak when he wishes rather to convince himself than his listener of the truth of his words.

I kept silence. How was I to disprove his statements? Moreover, "the stain of blood, the stain of blood upon that white hand," still rung in my ears, and perforce closed my lips.

As we sat thus Everard drew toward him the lawyer's letter, re-read it, crushed it in his hand, and threw it down.

"Hang the fellow!" said he; "what's the good of his writing to me on 'large sums of money due on the estate, leases to be renewed, and extensive repairs necessary on the Yorkshire property?' I declare, if he knows where the ready money's to come from, I don't, and there's an end of it."

"Is it, then," said I, "so expensive living at W——?"

"Well—not exactly. I see what you're driving at, Leighton," said he, stopping short in his walk, and looking me full in the face with his great, tender eyes, in which there was a strange light and shimmer to-night, so it struck me. "Granted that the old Comtesse de Beauvilliers be designing, mercenary, and all the rest of it, that does not affect the daughter, does it?"

"Not precisely. But it behooves you, Everard, in my opinion, before you inviolably connect your fate with that of another, to consider under what influences and in what society she has hitherto moved; whether your tastes, pursuits, and aims are in any way similar; whether you may not one day discover, when it is too late, that a great gulf lies between you—a gulf which you will then attempt to span, and in vain!"

"I tell you," said Everard, "that I trust and love her; and if I thought this night that she loved me as I do her, I should esteem myself the happiest of mortals."

"Good-night," said I, laughing. "'Force not the course of the river,' I imagine to be a true axiom."

"Let me cap you. 'It is better to meet a bear robbed of her whelps than a fool in his folly.'"

And so we parted. I had leisure to ponder these words of wisdom, and any thing else which came beneath my notice, the next day, during the morning hours of which I saw but little of my friend.

In the afternoon I found myself one of a rather large would-be-sylvan party, reclining in a glade of the beautiful forest which opens some miles from W——, and there partaking of every delicacy of the season and out of it, in truly rustic guise; for our table-cloth was spread upon the grass, and the company sat round on stumps and roots covered with cushions and rugs, and ate Perigord pie and many another dainty by the aid of two-pronged forks.

The banquet being at length concluded, the servants retired with such spoils as they could lay hands on; but the Champagne, Hochheimer, and Engelheimer still circulated among the guests, who continued sitting around the remains of their feast.

Comtesse Hilda stationed herself on the gnarled root of an oak, and Everard lay at her feet. Her hat she had tossed off, and the setting sun lent a glory to the magnificent hair which rippled down her shoulders in endless profusion.

The two were a little withdrawn from the rest, and Comtesse Hilda, looking down, played with a bunch of wild roses which Everard had picked for her, and apparently listened with great attention to his conversation.

A good deal of talking and laughing went on among the guests, most of whom were apparently well acquainted with one another; but I, a stranger, had leisure for observation.

So, I noticed, had a certain fiercely mustached and whiskered individual, who sat nearly opposite Comtesse Hilda and her companion. He, too, I learned, was something of a stranger at W——, and enjoyed the reputation of great riches. On him the Comtesse Hilda, every now and then looking up from her lap and the flowers which lay upon it, turned her eyes. Sitting thus, we suddenly became conscious of a sweet voice singing an old French melody, the sounds of which came wafted to us through the wood, now loud, now soft, now dying away upon the breeze; and at the end of a long vista we beheld the small, graceful figure of a woman coming toward us, a flower-basket on her arm.

"Marie Dupin!" exclaimed Everard, springing up: "the very thing! I know of no sweeter voice in the world than Marie's—save one," he added, smiling at the comtesse. He filled a glass with Hochheimer and took it to Marie, who was now close to us. "Pledge me, Marie," he said.

She put away the wine.

"Merci, monsieur, je n'en prends jamais.—Les messieurs et mesdames, désirent-ils des roses?"

Everard slipped a piece of gold into Marie's pouch.

"Distribute them yourself, Marie," said he, "and then sing to us any thing—a French ballad: we are not difficult to please; n'est-ce pas, mes amis?"

"I will do so with pleasure, monsieur," said Marie. She then went round the circle, distributing a rose and leaf to each in turn.

As she paused before the Comtesse Hilda and gave her a crimson rose, the most beautiful in the basket, I fancied a shade of distrust, like the morning film upon the sky, crossed that perfect face. Marie sat down upon a stump, folded her small hands upon her lap, and began to sing, very softly at first and slowly, some old French crooning melody, such as a peasant might croon to her child, therewith to quiet its murmurs and hush it into calm, but in a voice so full, so rich, so deep, that you could not choose but listen. From this she passed into something very spirited, quick, gay, lively; and at the end of her performance received immense applause.

"Sing us one more song, Marie," said Everard, who still lay at the feet of the Comtesse Hilda.

"But I shall weary this company," said she.

"No, no," said one or two: "sing."

And the Comtesse Hilda laughed a little silvery laugh, and said:

"Sing us a love-song, child. Don't you know one?"

"Oui, Madame la Comtesse," said Marie, gently; "shall I sing it?" and began.

It was a quaint old melody this time; very peculiar, very pathetic, with an ever-recurring refrain—

"Te reverrai-je donc,
O mes chères montagnes d'Alsace?"

—many verses long.

As the song proceeded Comtesse Hilda turned pale as death, and round her eyes rose great circles.

"Pardon," said Marie, stopping suddenly; "Madame la Comtesse se trouve mal!"

A bomb falling in the midst of us could hardly have astonished us more.

That this wood dryad, this Diana, this goddess of the feast, should suddenly falter and fail, and her wonderful ripe beauty assume the hues of mortal weakness, appeared utterly incongruous, and, but for the fact, well-nigh impossible.

"C'est la chaleur; ma fille est d'une santé délicate," said the old comtesse, going toward her; "un peu d'eau, Monsieur Conyers, et cela se passera."

So it proved; for in a minute or so, during which Everard, kneeling at her feet, had chafed her hands between his own, Comtesse Hilda opened her eyes, smiled at her anxious adorer, and declared herself quite restored.

During the confusion which this little scene had occasioned Marie Dupin, the flower-girl, had disappeared.

The party did not return to W—— till late. We drove through the forest by the most beautiful clair-de-lune I had ever witnessed, which caused every tree and every forest glade to assume an unreal and spiritual appearance, while not a sound was to be heard save that of our own voices and the noise of the carriage wheels. I slept somewhat late the next morning; and ere I had risen was more or less surprised by receiving a visit from Everard, who, after a hasty knock at the door, entered without farther ceremony, and threw himself down in the arm-chair by the side of the bed.

"Are you awake?" said he.

"Yes—no; in what can I serve you at this untimely hour?" I answered, rubbing my eyes, so as to obtain a better view of my visitant, which ended in my exclaiming:

"You have not been in bed all night! That, at least, is very clear."

"You're about right there," said he. "I couldn't sleep, so what's the good? What do you think of this?"

He took from his pocket a small square parcel tied round with a piece of scarlet ribbon.

"Think of it? how can I tell till I know the contents? Is it this parcel which has caused you a night's unrest, Everard? If so, I must at least ask, first, to untie the ribbon, in order to learn what the packet may contain; and secondly, how you came by it."

"No, no! don't untie it," said Everard, putting out his hand, "and I will tell you my story."

I noticed now that he looked very worn and weary—far more so than a single night's unrest warranted.

"You know," said he, "after the Comtesse Hilda had recovered from her fainting-fit the party broke up into little coteries.

"The comtesse and I wandered away in company with two or three others; but after a time our companions dropped off, and she and I found ourselves alone.

"I dare say you remember, Leighton," said he, smiling, "that in our nursery days we used to be informed that the rays of the full moon upon the head produced madness—probably about as true an axiom as other old wives' fables; but, whatever the cause, I believe I was mad last night.

"It seemed to me, Leighton, as if my whole life concentrated itself into those few minutes—it could hardly have been longer—during which she and I stood together in the forest.

"I told her I loved her; and she—she did not reject me.

"You remember, when at length all the company assembled in order to return to W——, some mistake occurred about the carriages, and I followed the servants and others who had gone in search of them, in order to make sure of all being right, when, turning an angle in the path, I perceived at a little distance two figures—a man, and by his side Marie Dupin. On seeing me the man turned aside, but not before I had recognized in him Count R——, who, as I told you, has been but a short time at W——, and is very little known except by name.

"Marie came on and met me.

"When I saw her face I started; there was such a strange look on it, and her eyes were full of tears.

"'The carriages are on the road, monsieur,' she said, 'and will be there by the time you return. Can you spare me a few minutes? I have something to tell you.'

"Of course I complied, and walked on with her.

"'Monsieur,' she said, 'that man, Count R——, is a minister of police. He is here on the track of the Comtesse de Beauvilliers and her daughter.'

"I can't tell you what I said, Leighton. I believe if I had been shot near the heart I should have felt it less. She went on quietly:

"'Not long ago the Comtesse de Beauvilliers and the Comtesse Hilda resided at Berlin. They left the place suddenly and secretly, not without suspicion of having been engaged in a political intrigue of no creditable nature, for the purpose of obtaining money.' (She said all this, Leighton, and I heard it.) 'Since then circumstances have come to light which have put the police on their track; and if they wish for safety they must leave W—— to-morrow.'

"I turned on her then, Leighton; I was half wild, and she a woman. If she had been a man, I believe I should have struck her down on the spot; but I thank Heaven I was spared that!

"She only turned paler and paler, and looked at me with her great, strange eyes, which haunt me still. Then she said:

"'Monsieur, it is not as you say. I am no spy, no hunter of women like myself. I have told nothing to the police agent, and any proofs he may possess are not of my handiwork, or obtained by my connivance. You may still save the honor of those dear to you, monsieur, by means of the warning I have given you; but, in return, I make one stipulation with you: visit the Comtesse Hilda, give her this packet, and make her open it in your presence; then, monsieur, you will see if I have reason in my words, if I have cause to warn you against the Comtesse Hilda.'

"When she had said this she gave a great sigh, Leighton, as if her heart was almost broken, and turned away; but I made her stop, and begged her to tell me what she knew and what she meant. But she refused, and said, 'I will meet you to-morrow at the Comtesse de Beauvilliers's, monsieur; till then I keep silence.' And she went."

He ceased speaking.

"Give me the parcel," I said, and took it. The paper in which it was folded was somewhat worn and sullied, and the ribbon faded. I judged that the parcel had been tied up not recently, but some two or three years since.

"Go into the next room," I said. "I will join you in ten minutes, and we will go together to the Comtesse de Beauvilliers's."

"I will not go there," said Everard, who was sitting, his head sunk in his hands.

"Yes, you will. If there is nothing in that packet to compromise the Comtesse Hilda, so much the better; in that case the story of the Berlin intrigue may be also false; if not, the sooner you warn her that W—— is no longer a safe residence for her, the more you will serve her interests."

Half an hour later he and I stood at the door of the countess's apartments, Everard changed and worn by that night of agony as if by the effects of a long and terrible illness.

They were all together in the little drawing-room: the Countess Hilda sitting by the window; the old countess in the easiest of easy-chairs, and attired in a magnificent négligé costume, sipping chocolate; and leaning behind her, wearisomeness the predominant expression of his handsome, womanish face, stood the young count, her son.

There was a little antechamber to the room, and I was dimly conscious of some one noiselessly entering therein behind us. Not so the inmates of the room, who were all struck aghast by the change in Everard's appearance.

"Mais, qu'est que c'est, monsieur?" exclaimed the old countess.

"Vous ne vous trouvez donc pas bien portant ce matin?"

The Countess Hilda looked at him in astonishment, thinking, no doubt, was this the guise in which he came to claim her as his affianced bride? and a shade of terror and distrust passed, as it were, from his countenance to hers.

"Countess Hilda," said Everard, in a low tone, which sounded strangely in the silence of the room, "may I request you to open this parcel in my presence?"

All the indignant blood rushed to the countess's face.

"No, Sir. I will do nothing of the kind. May I inquire by what right you presume to make such a request?"

"The right of loving you," said Everard, in a still lower voice.

"And who has instigated you to so extraordinary a course?" continued the countess; and as Everard was silent, "Go, leave the room!"

said she, passionately. "Your conduct admits of no excuse."

As she spoke her eyes fell upon some one who stood in the door-way looking at her, the Countess Hilda, fixedly—Marie Dupin. She advanced into the room.

"Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers," said she, "if you will not open this parcel, I will do it for you." So saying, she tore off the cover, and opened the lid of a little silver box. Within it lay two things: a diamond ring, and a thick lock of fair hair, of the color called "blond cendré," dabbled and stiffened with blood.

"Do you know that hair, countess?" said the flower-girl. It seemed she did; for she wavered, faltered, looked round at her mother, who had risen in alarm, and the young count, who came forward angrily, and then sank rigidly into the chair behind her, staring at Marie Dupin.

"Get out of the house, woman, or it will be the worse for you!" exclaimed the count.

"No, no; let her speak," said Comtesse Hilda, with a strange kind of laugh—"let her speak!" And Marie Dupin did speak, and said,

"Yes, comtesse, it is three years ago since he died, my foster-brother, Count Maurice de Bergue—died by his own hand; but the stain of his blood lies on your white hands, Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers—on you and on your mother!

"God knows he loved you! And you led him on, and made him believe that you too loved him; you led him on—shall I say it, comtesse?—into wickedness, into vice—in the midst of that whirlpool, Paris; he, so young and fresh from our Auvergne mountains. You taught him to gamble, and—you were a potent instructress—to forget every thing in the world but you and the desire to make money, that he might pour it at your feet. Then, when luck turned against him, and instead of gaining he lost, and still he sought you, then you laughed at him; and one day, comtesse, when he wearied you, and you were aiming at far higher game, to which he had served as decoy-duck long enough, so you thought, you jested at him and his pretensions, gloried in the new conquest you had made, threw him back the diamond ring he had given you, and denied the possibility of bestowing your hand upon a ruined man! Do you remember it, comtesse?" Comtesse Hilda bowed her white face. "You know what followed! You know why this hair is all dabbled in blood! He lay one morning, stiff and cold and dead, across the threshold of his own door—he, my brother—with the ring you had once worn against his heart!"

Her voice sank here, and faltered for the first time.

"You shall pay for this! Leave the house, woman!" said the count, and raised his hand as if to force her to do so.

She looked at him very much as one might look at an insect beneath one's feet.

"It is not for vengeance that I speak!" she said; "if it were, Heaven knows there is many a surer path by which I might have compassed it. But vengeance will surely follow such deeds as yours, Comtesse Hilda!

"Comtesse de Beauvilliers! Comtesse Hilda!" she continued, raising her voice, "be warned while there is time. The Berlin police are on your track; there is no longer safety for you at W——."

"Spy!" shrieked the count, turning upon Marie with a fearful oath. The old comtesse, with a smothered exclamation, sank back upon her couch; but the Comtesse Hilda laughed a little scornful laugh.

"All the better," said she; "our career at W—— seems to be terminated, and we will leave it to-day.

"Monsieur," said she, turning upon Everard, "I imagine you no longer desire the fulfillment of those vows which you last night swore to me with such fidelity?

"This woman informs you that there is blood upon my hands, and perhaps she speaks the truth.

"Go, and rejoice in her society if you will, upon the peril you have escaped, and gloat over the dexterity and address which have enabled you publicly to degrade the woman you professed to adore!"

Everard had not spoken until now, but stood like one in a dream, struck dumb, and rooted to the spot—as if from the effects of some horrible enchantment.

But as the comtesse rose to leave the room he turned his face, and his white lips murmured:

"Hilda, God forgive you, as I do!"

Then she stopped, looked at him with great wide-opened eyes, and came near him.

"Kiss me!" she said—and he kissed her—"for," she said, "I loved you!"

For many days after this Everard Conyers lay between life and death; and even after the fever had left him so great weakness remained behind that it was for some time doubtful which of the two would prove victorious. But he was young and strong, and ultimately so far recovered as to enable me to remove him from W——. This was a great point gained; for here every thing was fraught to him with painful recollections of by-gone joys. Nevertheless, so great was the apathy into which he had fallen, that I much doubt whether he even thanked me for my pains; and I was well aware that though I had succeeded in removing his bodily presence from W——, I had no such power over his mind, which, in as far as it had strength to cling to any thing, remained obstinately rooted to the reminiscences of the past.

He would sit for hours moodily silent, never mentioning the names of those with whom he had of late been connected, save once: and that to ask whether they, the Beauvillierses, had left W—— in safety. But when he was ill, and raving in delirium, the name of "Hilda" was ever on his lips.

One night, when he was at the worst, a light knock sounded at the door, and some one softly entered—Marie Dupin, smaller, paler, more ethereal than ever. She came up to the bed and looked at him.

"Will he die?" she said. "I have killed him! It is all my work!"

"No, Marie," I said; "on the contrary, you have saved him from a great peril. I believe that he will live; if not, there is a living death far worse than the mere death of the body."

"He does not know me," she said, in her old gentle way; "he must not."

Then she smoothed the pillows with her soft, womanly hand, and went away quietly.

One evening, about a month after the time I first moved Everard from W——, we were sitting together on the balcony of a little inn at a tiny sea-port place on the coast of Normandy. He was already far better for the fresh sea air and the quietness and primitive life which prevailed in the village of C——, where, indeed, no greater excitement was to be found than that occasioned by the outgoings and incomings of the sea-faring inhabitants on fishing excursions, and nothing marked the flight of time save the rising and setting of the sun, and the tinkling of the church-bell for matins and vespers.

I had been reading to him, and on laying down my book it struck me very forcibly that I saw before me very nearly the Everard of old times, so that I felt emboldened to say,

"Everard, I have something to tell you."

"Well," said he, "what? Any thing pleasant?"

"The Comtesse Hilda de Beauvilliers is married; I read it this morning in the Paris paper."

"Married!" said he.

"To some French marquis, with many names and more titles, at the church of La Madeleine."

My last remembrance of Everard Conyers is a very recent and a very pleasant one.

Three years have elapsed since he and I returned to England together.

One hot evening, some week or so ago, I was paddling down the Thames among the rushes and reeds and forget-me-nots which grow by its margin, and presently relaxed my efforts, and let my boat float to land just where a little green lawn slopes down to the edge of the water.

About a hundred yards higher up, nestled among a clump of trees, stands a cottage clad all over with ivy and cluster roses. The French windows open down to the ground, and at the sound of my call two figures emerged therefrom: Everard Conyers, blithe and hale and sunburnt, all his dear old face lighted up with the pleasant smile I used to say he specially kept for me and for one other—she who now stood by his side; a slight figure, a sweet, quiet face with great calm eyes—his wife, Marie Dupin.

GRUB STREET.

IN "John Timb's Autobiography" we find the following interesting account of a "Grub Street" author: "I remember the phrase of 'Grub Street' in occasional use, and find 'the poor devil of an author' in one of Washington Irving's early works. But this species is now rarer, and some authors build villas, give parties, and keep carriages, like other successful professional men. I remember a specimen such as Thackeray has called 'author and dirt—author and gin' of some forty years since. He lodged in a garret in an old house at the top of Red Lion Court, Fleet Street. It was such a room as Mr. Wallis painted in his masterly picture of 'The Death of Chatterton;' and, curiously enough, the house I have referred to was nearly upon the same spot. In one corner of my author's room, upon the floor, was laid the bed; near the fire-place was an old chair; a box placed endwise served for a table; and these, with an almost spoutless coffee-pot, a maimed cup and saucer, a bottle for a candlestick, and an old chest, nearly completed the contents of the miserable apartment, which had the usual dormer-window. The inmate was an old man turned of seventy, with shrunk shanks, and loosely fitting coat and breeches, and the conventional author's night-cap, his scratch-wig being placed upon one of the uprights of his chair, which served as a block. Every portion of the room bore evidence of the dirt, and the atmosphere was redolent of gin. He wrote a large, black, sermon-like hand, upon paper of all sorts and sizes; his matter was as antiquated as his manner; his talk was scholastic pedantry; the room was strewed with scraps and shreds of his learning; and he lived within the classic shade of Valpy's printing-office. With all his labor and learning, whatever he wrote was not half so serviceable or so interesting as a short-hand report of an occurrence of yesterday. The old house has long been taken down, and the site is now occupied by a printing-office of cheap journals."

A TERRIBLE TEMPTATION.

BY CHARLES READE.

WITH MANY ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FIFTH.

LADY BASSETT, as her time of trial drew near, became despondent.

She spoke of the future, and tried to pierce it; and in all these little loving speculations and anxieties there was no longer any mention of herself.

This meant that she feared her husband was about to lose her. I put the fear in the very form it took in that gentle breast.

Possessed with this dread, so natural to her situation, she set her house in order, and left her little legacies of clothes and jewels, without the help of a lawyer; for Sir Charles, she knew, would respect her lightest wish.

To him she left her all, except these trifles, and, above all—a manuscript book. It was the history of her wedded life. Not the bare outward history; but such a record of a sensitive woman's heart as no male writer's pen can approach.

It was the nature of her face and her tongue to conceal; but here, on this paper, she laid bare her heart, here her very subtlety operated, not to hide, but to dissect herself and her motives.

But oh, what it cost her to pen this faithful record of her love, her trials, her doubts, her perplexities, her agonies, her temptations, and her crime! Often she laid down the pen, and hid her face in her hands. Often the scalding tears ran down that scarlet face. Often she writhed at her desk, and wrote on, sighing and moaning. Yet she persevered to the end. It was the grave that gave her the power. "When he reads this," she said, "I shall be in my tomb. Men make excuses for the dead. My Charles will forgive me when I am gone. He will know I loved him to desperation."

It took her many days to write; it was quite a thick quarto; so much may a woman feel in a year or two; and, need I say that, to the reader of that volume, the mystery of her conduct was all made clear as daylight; clearer far, as regards the revelation of mind and feeling, than I, dealer in broad facts, shall ever make it, for want of a woman's mental microscope and delicate brush.

And when this record was finished, she wrapped it in paper, and sealed it with many seals, and wrote on it,

> "*Only for my husband's eye.*
> *From her who loved him not wisely,*
> *but too well.*"

And she took other means that even the superscription should never be seen of any other eye but his. It was some little comfort to her, when the book was written.

She never prayed to live. But she used to pray, fervently, piteously, that her child might live, and be a comfort and joy to his father.

The person employed by Wheeler discovered the house agents, and the woman he had employed.

But these added nothing to the evidence Bassett had collected.

At last, however, this woman, under the influence of a promised reward, discovered a person who was likely to know more about the matter—viz., the woman who was in the house with Lady Bassett at the very time.

But this woman scented gold directly; so she held mysterious language; declined to say a word to the officer; but intimated that she knew a great deal, and that the matter was, in truth, well worth looking into, and she could tell some strange tales, if it was worth her while.

This information was sent to Bassett; he replied that the woman only wanted money for her intelligence, and he did not blame her, he would see her next time he went to town, and felt sure she would complete his chain of evidence. This put Richard Bassett into extravagant spirits. He danced his little boy on his knee, and said, "I'll run this little horse against the parson's brat; five to one, and no takers.'

Indeed, his exultation was so loud and extravagant that it jarred on gentle Mrs. Bassett. As for Jessie, the Scotch servant, she shook her head, and said the master was fey.

In the morning he started for London, still so exuberant and excited that the Scotch woman implored her mistress not to let him go; there would be an accident on the railway, or something. But Mrs. Bassett knew her husband too well to interfere with his journeys.

Before he drove off he demanded his little boy.

"He must kiss me," said he, "for I'm going to work for him. D'ye hear that, Jane? This day makes him heir of Huntercombe and Bassett."

The nurse brought word that Master Bassett was not very well this morning.

"Let us look at him," said Bassett.

He got out of his gig, and went to the nursery. He found his little boy had a dry cough, with a little flushing.

"It is not much," said he; "but I'll send the doctor over from the town."

He did so, and himself proceeded up to London.

The doctor came, and finding the boy labored in breathing, administered a full dose of ipecacuanha. This relieved the child for the time; but about four in the afternoon he was distressed again, and began to cough with a peculiar grating sound.

Then there was a cry of dismay—"The croup!" The doctor was gone for, and a letter posted to Richard Bassett, urging him to come back directly.

The doctor tried every thing, even mercury, but could not check the fatal discharge; it stiffened into a still more fatal membrane.

When Bassett returned next afternoon, in great alarm, he found the poor child thrusting its fingers into its mouth, in a vain attempt to free the deadly obstruction.

A warm bath and strong emetics were now administered, and great relief obtained. The patient even ate and drank, and asked leave to get up and play with a new toy he had. But, as often happens in this disorder, a severe relapse soon came, with a spasm of the glottis so violent and prolonged that the patient at last resigned the struggle. Then pain ceased forever; the heavenly smile came; the breath went; and nothing was left in the little white bed but a fair piece of tinted clay, that must return to the dust, and carry thither all the pride, the hopes, the boasts of the stricken father, who had schemed, and planned, and counted without Him in whose hands are the issues of life and death.

As for the child himself, his lot was a happy one, if we could but see what the world is really worth. He was always a bright child, that never cried, nor complained: his first trouble was his last; one day's pain, then bliss eternal: he never got poisoned by his father's spirit of hate, but loved and was beloved during his little lifetime; and, dying, he passed from his Noah's ark to an inheritance a thousand times richer than Huntercombe, Bassett, and all his cousin's lands.

The little grave was dug, the bell tolled, and a man bowed double with grief saw his child and his ambition laid in the dust.

Lady Bassett heard the bell tolled, and spoke but two words: "Poor woman!"

She might well say so. Mrs. Bassett was in the same condition as herself, yet this heavy blow must fall on her.

As for Richard Bassett, he sat at home, bowed down and stupid with grief.

Wheeler came one day to console him; but, at the sight of him, refrained from idle words. He sat down by him for an hour in silence. Then he got up and said, "Good-by."

"Thank you, old friend, for not insulting me," said Bassett, in a broken voice.

Wheeler took his hand, and turned away his head, and so went away, with a tear in his eye.

A fortnight after this he came again, and found Bassett in the same attitude, but not in the same leaden stupor. On the contrary, he was in a state of tremor; he had lost, under the late blow, the sanguine mind that used to carry him through every thing.

The doctor was up stairs, and his wife's fate trembled in the balance.

"Stay by me," said he, "for all my nerve is gone. I'm afraid I shall lose her; for I have just begun to value her; and that is how God deals with his creatures—the merciful God, as they call him."

Wheeler thought it rather hard God Almighty should be blamed because Dick Bassett had taken eight years to find out his wife's merit; but he forebore to say so. He said kindly that he would stay.

Now while they sat in trying suspense the church-bells struck up a merry peal.

Bassett started violently, and his eyes gave a strange glare.

"That's the other!" said he; for he had heard about Lady Bassett by this time.

Then he turned pale. "They ring for him: then they are sure to toll for me."

This foreboding was natural enough in a man so blinded by egotism as to fancy that all creation, and the Creator himself, must take a side in Bassett *v.* Bassett.

Nevertheless, events did not justify that foreboding. The bells had scarcely done ringing for the happy event at Huntercombe, when joyful feet were heard running on the stairs, joyful voices clashed together in the passage, and in came a female servant with joyful tidings. Mrs. Bassett was safe, and the child in the world. "The loveliest little girl you ever saw!"

"A girl!" cried Richard Bassett, with contemptuous amazement. Even his melancholy forebodings had not gone that length. "And what have they got at Huntercombe?"

"Oh, it is a boy, Sir, there."

"Of course."

The ringers heard, and sent one of their number to ask him if they should ring.

"What for?" asked Bassett, with a nasty glittering eye; and then with sudden fury he seized a large piece of wood from the basket to fling at his insulter. "I'll teach you to come and mock me."

The ringer vanished, ducking.

"Gently," said Wheeler, "gently."

Bassett chucked the wood back into the basket, and sat down gloomily, saying, "Then how dare he come and talk about ringing bells for a girl? To think that I should have all this fright, and my wife all this trouble—for a girl!"

It was no time to talk of business then, but about a fortnight afterward Wheeler said, "I took the detective off, to save you expense."

"Quite right," said Bassett, wearily.

"I gave you the woman's address; so the matter is in your hands now, I consider.'

"Yes," said Bassett, wearily. "Move no farther in it."

"Certainly not; and, frankly, I should be glad to see you abandon it."

"I *have* abandoned it. Why should I stir the mud now? I and mine are thrown out forever, the only question is, shall a son of Sir Charles or the parson's son inherit? I'm for the wrongful heir. Ay," he cried, starting up, and beating the air with his fists in sudden fury, "since the right Bassetts are never to have it, let the wrong Bassetts be thrown out, at all events; I'm on my back, but Sir Charles is no better off; a bastard will succeed him, thanks to that cursed woman who defeated *me*."

This turn took Wheeler by surprise. It also gave him real pain. "Bassett," said he, "I pity you. What sort of a life has yours been for the last eight years? Yet, when there's no fuel left for war and hatred, you blow the embers. You are incurable."

"I am," said Richard. "I'll hate those two with my last breath, and curse them in my last prayer."

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-SIXTH.

LADY BASSETT's forebodings, like most of our insights into the future, were confuted by the event.

She became the happy mother of a flaxen-